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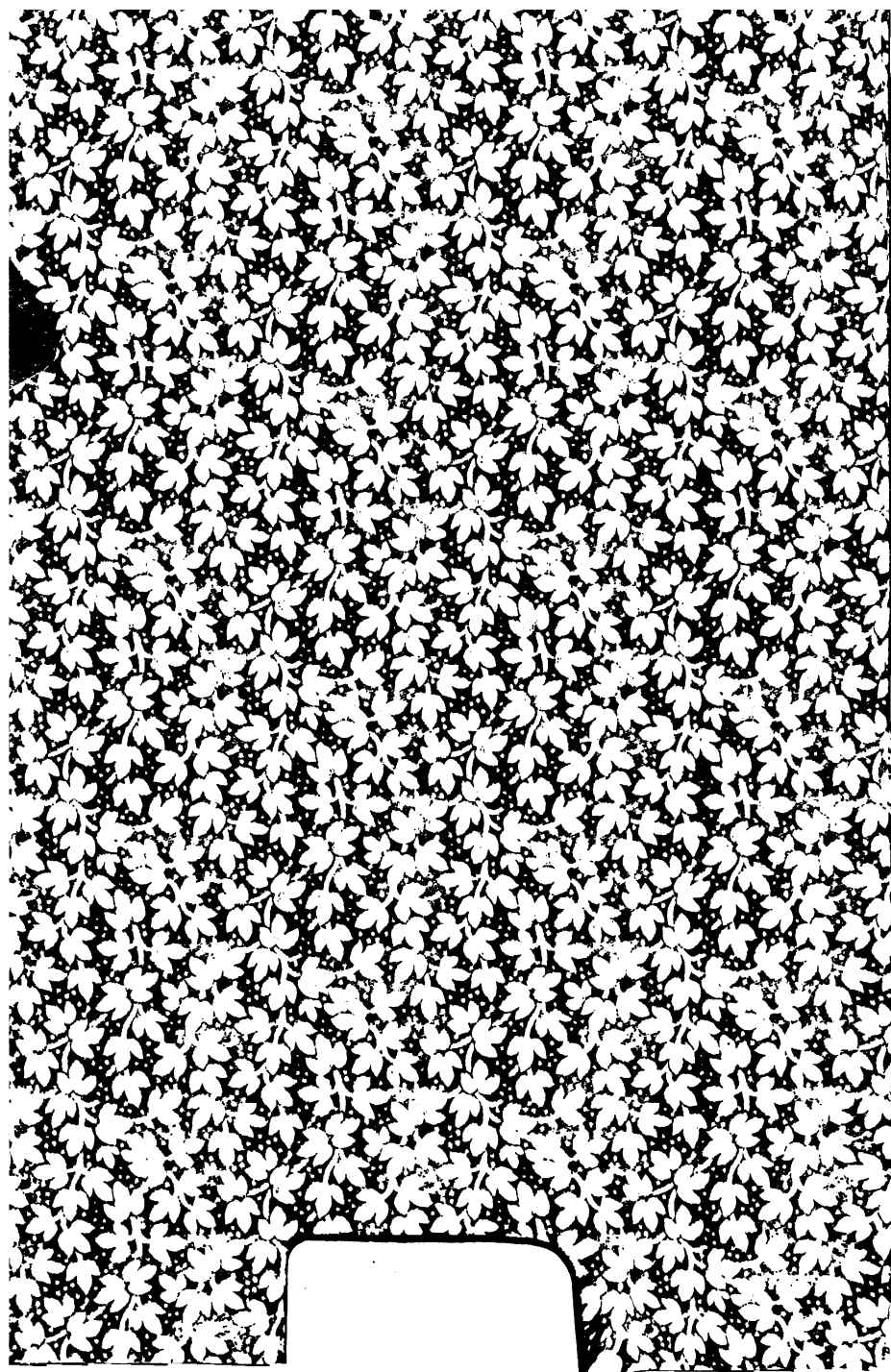
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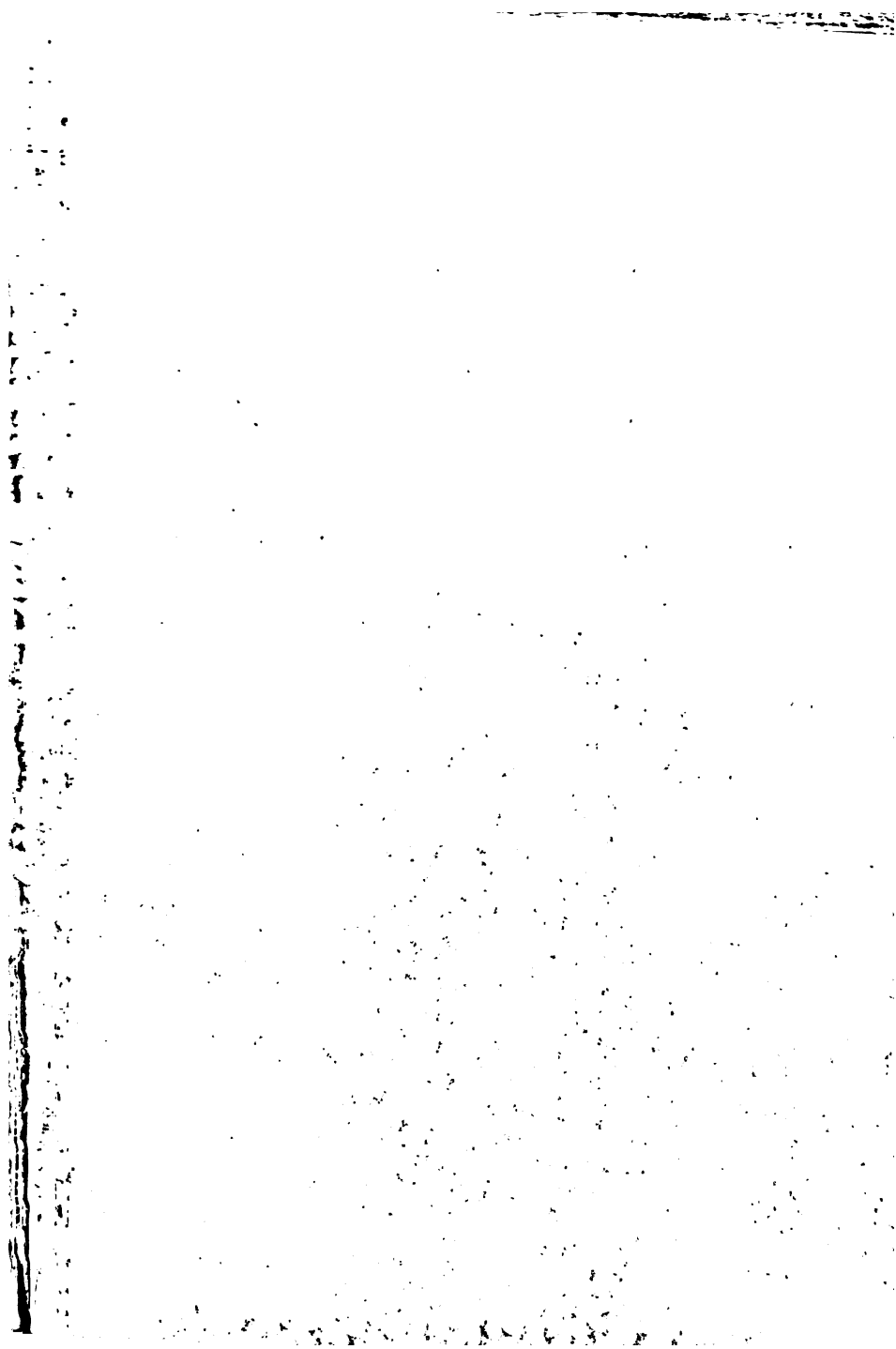
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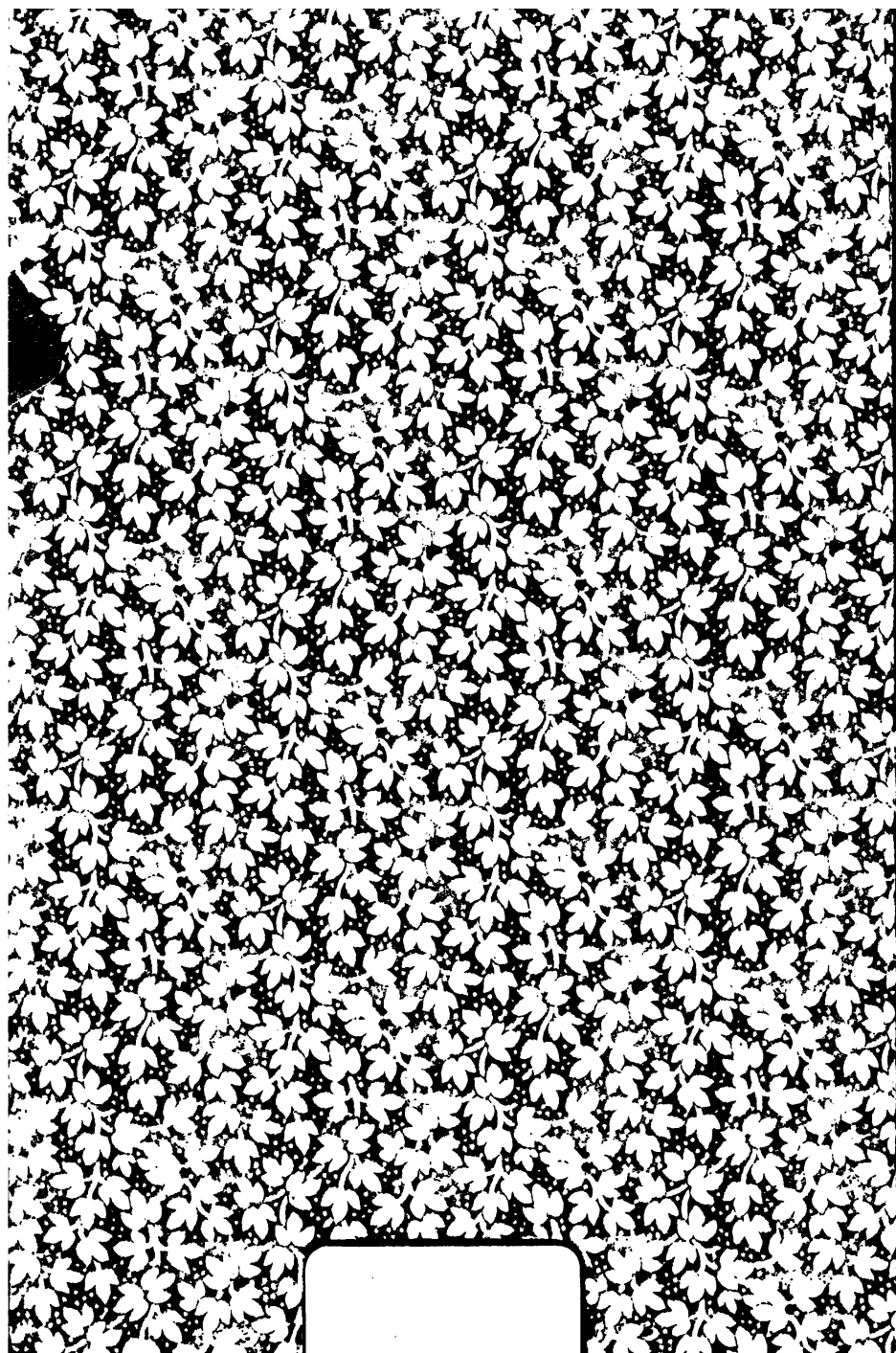
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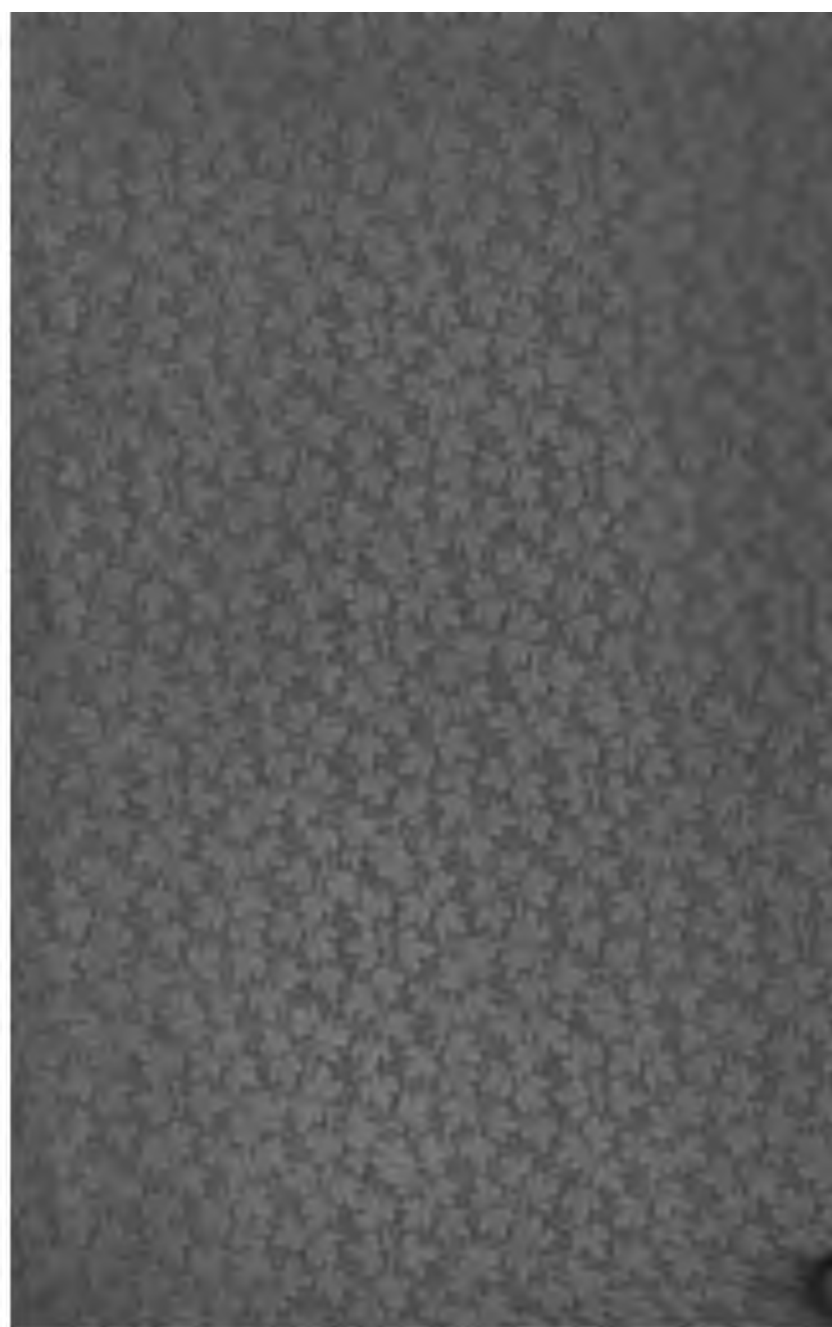
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A WOMAN'S MEMORIES OF WORLD-KNOWN MEN.

BY

MRS. HOUSTOUN,

AUTHOR OF

'TWENTY YEARS IN THE WILD WEST,' 'A YACHTING VOYAGE TO THE
GULF OF MEXICO,' ETC., ETC.

'In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own.'

IN TWO VOLUMES.

* *VOL. II.*

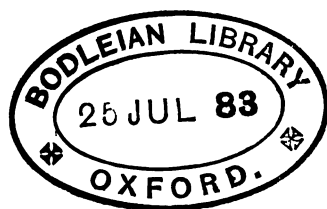
LONDON:

F. V. WHITE AND CO.,

* 31, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

1883.

210.0.539.



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A WOMAN'S MEMORIES OF WORLD- KNOWN MEN.



CHAPTER I.

Last words regarding the Killary Bay.—A bad Accident.—
F. M. Lord Seaton.

ON looking back, as I not unfrequently have done, to the topics of conversation which, to Mr. Sidney Herbert, usually appeared the most congenial, I experience *now* a certain amount of surprise that he did not *then* either frequently allude to, or appear to take any lively interest in, the well-being or otherwise of the country in which he was sojourning, and from which he draws so large a portion of his income.

Had it not been that he was clearly not averse to dwelling on other important and weighty subjects—on the state of the Army, for instance, and on the condition of our mighty Indian dependencies—I might have imagined that he desired to give his mind, during the Connaught fishing season, a thorough holiday, and that ‘rest’ from serious and brain-exhausting thought, which his busy official life rendered advisable. But seeing that the almost entire abstention of the late War Minister from any sustained conversation or inquiry concerning Ireland, did *not* proceed from the last named cause, I can only attribute his silence on the subject to the lack of interest, which—excepting in seasons of difficulty and danger—is, I think, generally felt by Englishmen on topics connected with the sister Island.

I had been in the habit—long years before our migration to Ireland was ever contemplated—of sometimes attending the Ladies’ Gallery in the House of Commons, and at those times, frequently I noticed, that when any question

having reference to the ill-fated 'Emerald Isle' came upon the *tapis*, Honourable Members either left the House, or indulged in the luxury of slumber. The desire felt, but not expressed was, in the minds of those who permitted themselves thus to act, probably akin to the feeling to which Lord Cowper—when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—gave voice at a public meeting. 'Our object,' he said, 'must be to drive discontent, and the evils which give rise to it, where it normally lies—that is to say, below the surface.' Let us not ventilate (for such is the meaning of the words) the wrongs of Ireland. Let them not irritate our tempers, or disturb our digestions. 'Let,' in short, 'the sleeping dogs'—and very miserable curs they are too—'lie.'

I am not prepared to say that any feeling—or, it might perhaps be more to the purpose to say *want* of feeling—such as this, did, in the matter of Ireland's wrongs and troubles, keep Mr. Herbert, whilst in our company, from either discussion or inquiry concerning them. As a

landlord, he could hardly, I suppose—enlarged as was his mind, and philanthropic as were his sentiments—have been able to see and judge correctly both sides of a question in which such weighty contending interests were, and are still, involved ; and such being the hypothetical case, and his mind—it may be—not having been absolutely made up concerning the matter, he ‘kept silence even from the good’ (*id est*, valuable) ‘words’ which, had he spoken on the subject at all, must have fallen from his lips.

After the expedition to Agoul sands—the which are of an exceptionally fine quality for bathing purposes—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert became possessed of a sudden fancy—one which under any circumstances would probably have been but transient, to become the lessees for a long term of years, of the Delphi property. In order to effect their object, it became necessary—in the first instance—for my husband to wave his right, he having a prior promise to the coveted possession ; and to this surrender he—with his accustomed liberality of feeling—

agreed, after a short deliberation, to carry out. In some respects he was strongly averse to giving up his valued rights, but being possibly at the moment under the glamour which a pretty woman, and a singularly attractive and agreeable man can throw over the mental vision (even of the wisest amongst us), he entered with spirit and alacrity into the business on hand. A letter containing a liberal proposal was written by Mr. Herbert to the owner of the land, and no shadow of doubt as to the offer being unconditionally accepted having crossed either *his* mind or that of the lady, the site on which a new house was to be built, and a winding carriage-road at great cost constructed, was, without delay, decided upon. It was an enchanting spot, that on which the most perfect and picturesque of mountain residences was, ere long, to stand. At the touch of wealth's magic wand, it would rise up from the purple heather, and 'hanging gardens,' and exquisite shrubberies would—in an incredibly short space of time—give ample evidence to

the fact that there are, in this same world of ours, few wishes which money, lavishly spent, is not able to gratify.

From the site that had been thus carefully selected, a distant and exquisite view could be obtained. The valley, three miles in extent, which wound (side by side with the rapid, rock-strewn river) to the bay, and likewise the bay itself, with its ten miles of broad, mountain-guarded length, were spread before us, as, seated, one fine Sunday afternoon, on a heather-covered knoll, the would-be tenants of the place made plans and sketches of the fairy scene that was to be !

Now, had those sanguine, aerial castle-builders ever chanced to see—even as I hundreds of times had done—the Mayo mountains in their normal state of rain, and mist, and vapoury cloud, which hide most of the surrounding objects from the view, methinks that they would have deemed their loss the less, when the news came that the offer made to the owner of the soil was virtually rejected, and that Delphi was not for

,

them ! I do not imagine that to *Mr.* Herbert the failure of the project was a source of much regret. To a man, and especially to one of his *calibre* of mind, the fact that he had perhaps over-estimated his value as a tenant (and that—compared to the importance of certain fishing rights, to which the proprietor adhered—that value was as nothing in the balance), mattered not one whit. Women, however, are not, as a rule, given to understand the extraordinary weight which by lovers of ‘sport’ is attached to shooting and fishing privileges; moreover, failure can never—especially to the habitually successful—be otherwise than disagreeable. Methinks, nevertheless, that the lady who had so narrow an escape of becoming the *chatelaine* of Delphi Lodge, must, in after-days, have more than once congratulated herself in that ‘circumstances’ prevented the fulfilment of her wishes.

During the latter part of *Mr.* Herbert’s occupation of Delphi, a painful event, and one which might have been attended with fatal conse-

quences, occurred upon our moors. One of our guests, the Member for Maldon, whilst out grouse-shooting, was so unskilful as—when in the act of re-loading his gun—to shoot off one of his fingers. The very serious nature of the accident, which happened on a roadless mountain, nine miles from the house, necessitated the attendance of a surgeon from Dublin, who, on his arrival, found the amputation of another shattered finger absolutely necessary. The distance of our home from any reliable medical assistance (nine hours being the shortest amount of time which had to be expended in obtaining it) caused Mr. Rynd, the most skilful and popular surgeon in Ireland, to insist upon the immediate removal to Dublin of his patient. The journey, which was undertaken greatly against the wishes of the sufferer, was successfully performed, but although this was fortunately the case, and, moreover, albeit it soon became evident that, with the exception of the loss to his right hand, Mr. P—— would soon be—as the saying is—his ‘own man’ again, the

weak and nervous nature of the maimed patient inspired me with the fear that by dint of dwelling in his enforced seclusion over his calamity, his mood of mind might become chronically morbid. My compassion for one who had endured his sufferings courageously, and who had already been the victim of a severe personal misfortune, was great; and I, therefore, in order to, in some degree, divert his thoughts from the contemplation of his misfortunes, undertook the task—an onerous one when the ‘salt of life’ (variety) is absent—of writing a *daily* letter to the invalid. In return, I exacted from him, in answer, a certain number of lines, penned with his *left* hand, the which practice would, I hoped, render him in time an adept in sinistral calligraphy. To the circumstance that one of my letters of which I happened to retain a copy, has reference to the world-famed man with whom my pages have been lately occupied, is owing its insertion in this place.

‘I cannot agree with you that the refusal of

Lord S—— to let his fishing-lodge to Mr. Herbert without reserving the rights of which I wrote to you (the right, namely, of angling for himself and his guests), is in any degree surprising. I grant that, in point of companionship, the landlord might possibly be, for a few chance weeks in the year, a gainer by the arrangement, but that problematical advantage would be a poor compensation to Lord S——'s brothers, who are genuine sport-lovers, for the deprivation of their privileges which the acceptance of Mr. Herbert's offer would have entailed. You ask me in the few lines—which are, by the way, a decided improvement on the last—whether the Sidney Herberts did, or did not, at the eleventh hour, pay to the Galway proprietors who have been spending their *villegiatura* in their “villa” by the Killary side, the really due compliment of a visit, and I regret to answer you in the negative. As I have already told you, the circumstance of *our* not having—contrary to my wish—returned even one of these worthy

people's repeated calls, renders me the more regretful, when our boat passes by their windows, and it will always be a source of wonder to me that the "veray parfit gentil knight," we wot of, should, in the first place, have accepted civilities and hospitalities from persons with whom he might not like in the future to associate, and in the next, that, after having accepted them, he should not have done, as regards those chance acquaintances of the hour, "the civil thing." Happening, as I do, to know that the advent of so great a man as Mr. Herbert in the neighbourhood, excited in the minds of those who had already been on terms of intimacy with him, the hope that the former fraternization might be renewed, and their *prestige* in the country be thereby augmented, I could not help feeling some compassion for those who were being thus ungraciously mortified. The subject—he having, I suppose, no sympathy either with human weakness, or with the harmless vanity that is at the bottom of such aspirations—was a source, to

the last of their stay, of amusement to our quondam neighbours. The epithets "false and feline," which you and others so freely apply to those who have Russian blood in their veins, does not, in my opinion, the least *square* with the character of Mr. Herbert. To my thinking, the courtesy and kindness of his manner are the outcome of a large and generous nature, and just such a man must, I fancy, have been he in whom a poet of the olden time composed the following lines :—

"Genteel in personage,
Conduct, and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free.'"

You request of me again the name of the much *repandu*-in-society Frenchman, of whose blind adoration for Mrs. Norton I once spoke to you. Now, if the said Frenchman were not still in the land of the living, your wish should be immediately granted ; seeing, however, that he yet cumbereth the earth, I deem it better—for the reason that eager searchers after information

generally *resp* in order that they may afterwards *sow*—to put a bridle on my tongue. It may, nevertheless, be some compensation to you to learn that the same Frenchman, when he chanced to meet, soon after their marriage, Mr. Herbert and his handsome bride, shook his head in very 'mournful fashion over the fate of the former, his remark to a friend at the same time being—in gloomy accents—" *Ah, mon cher, il a fait là un terrible sacrifice.*"

'The mention of Mrs. Norton reminds me of the trifling circumstance that I, a few days before his departure, amused Mr. Herbert, by relating to him one of poor Charlie Sheridan's boyish eccentricities. He, on the occasion of his calling one day at my father's house, gave his name to the servant (who was a recent addition to the establishment) as 'Lord Herbert, of Cherbury,' and the man—as was only natural (for when do either flunkies catch the real name that is given to them, or cabmen drive up to the right door ?)—made a 'mess' of the high-sounding appellation, and announced in

the most pompous of tones, "Lord Hubbery Shrubbery." Mr. Herbert and I agreed that, take him for all in all, we should never see the like of Charlie Sheridan again. Yes; the Dublin people are, as you say, very quick at giving witty nicknames, and at travestying the words of popular songs. Nothing of the kind ever amused me much more than the chorus of a parody on the well-known negro melody of "Buffalo Gals." The original runs thus:—

" 'Ole Joe kicking up behind and before,
And the yaller gals a' kicking up behind old Joe,"

and the *travestie* has reference to an elderly, would-be-thought-young spinster, Lady Flora ———, by name, who has for many a year past and gone, been a constant attendant at the Castle balls. The words, even if you have never seen either them, or the lady, will, I hope, make you laugh. They are these :

" 'Ole Flo kicking up behind and before,
And the aide-camps kicking up behind ole Flo."

What a pity it is that the small mock Court—
which costs so much British gold, and works so

much ill to Ireland—has not long ago been done away with !

‘ Yours sincerely,

‘ M. C. H.’

Amongst those men of note who honoured our Irish residence with their presence, I must not forget to mention Field-Marshal Lord Seaton, who, with his two aide-de-camps, Captain Lenox Prendergast, and his own son, Major Colborne, halted at Dhulough whilst on a tour of inspection—the General being, at that time, in command of the Cavalry in Ireland. The party had passed the previous night at the ‘ fishing lodge ’ on the Killary, which belonged to Mr. L——, the gentleman whose hospitality to the British tourists, when their curiosity and love of the picturesque had lured them to the ruins of Cong, had not, as I have lately observed, met with its proper meed of reward. Captain Prendergast was the brother of the lady towards whom I had found myself compelled to act, in my own opinion, discourteously, but—for some

reason, best known to himself—he kept his relationship a secret. Lord Seaton was a perfect specimen of a fine old Peninsular veteran of the old school. His figure was as slim and upright, and his shoulders as well thrown back, as if he had only lately left the hands of the drill sergeant, whilst both in his manner and conversation he was simple and unpretending as a child. Verily, in the days when the old Field-Marshal gained his laurels, British soldiers could not only fight, but left their ‘deeds of derring do’ to be talked of by others than themselves.

Of a similar type of man was Admiral Sir Charles Adam, who, during the time when we were in the Northern Pacific waters, was in command on that Station. His flag-ship, the *Illustrious*, lay alongside of our Yacht on two different occasions—the first being when the routine of Naval duty called the Admiral to the Havana, and the next when the *Dolphin* yacht made, on her homeward voyage, a stay of nearly a fortnight at the Bermudas. During the latter

time we had the pleasure of meeting Sir Charles Adam almost daily, and our stay in the Harbour—where, from the absence of any considerable amount of local interest, the days are sometimes apt to hang rather heavily on hand—was rendered very agreeable by the fortuitous circumstance of the Admiral and his family being at that especial period amongst the Coral Islands. Sir Charles was in every way, as well as in the best sense of the word, *Liberal*, and it was owing to my having been taken to task by him for making use of the expression ‘lower orders,’ that I first perceived the objectionableness of an expression, of which I had hitherto, from want of thought, made use. It was, as the kindly, generous-hearted Admiral pointed out to me, an absence of fellow-feeling towards those whose lot was cast in one less prosperous than our own, which the use of the words implied, and I can with truth aver that never again did I so ‘offend with my tongue’ the millions of God’s creatures, of whom He has said in His Word that they ‘shall never cease out of the earth.’

Sir Charles, I also recollect, entirely agreed with me in my distaste for the word 'common' as descriptive either of 'soldiers,' 'men,' or 'people.' The phrase, so frequently heard, of 'common soldiers,' strikes me as offensive in a deplorable degree to those whose Profession, being, as it is, a noble one, ought to be upheld as such by all classes of the community; and almost as reasonably open to animadversion is the distinction—a very invidious one in my opinion—which in public Memorials, War despatches, etc., etc., is frequently made between those who have, with equal bravery and usefulness, fought the battles of their country. For instance, when on a monument erected on some conspicuous site, to the memory of the heroes who have laid down their lives for England and for Home, one reads, carved upon the marble, such words as the following: 'Sacred to the memory of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and *men*, who fell,' say at the battle of the Alma, or on any other field where British valour upheld its time-honoured *prestige*—I feel

that a 'wrong' is done. St. Paul, who was every inch a gentleman, and therefore no 'respector (for their rank and wealth alone) of persons,' wrote thus to the Corinthians : 'Be strong, and acquit yourselves like *men*.' And what higher praise can be given to soldiers of any rank than this—namely, that as *men* they did their duty? On the bloody battle plain, all were equal before God, and on the monumental stone, the prejudices of Caste should not be permitted to divide them.

Immediately before the Crimean War, Lord L——n was, during eight-and-forty hours, our guest at Dhulough, and I well remember that on that occasion he expressed to me, in his emphatic manner, his surprise at his own appointment as the General in command of the Cavalry during the war.

'I know nothing about Cavalry Manœuvring,' was his remark—one that struck me at the time as wonderfully unboastful—'and I don't know how the devil I should.'

Since writing the above, I have read Lady Bloomfield's 'Recollections of Court and Diplo-

matic Life,' and the perusal of the work has encouraged me to repeat an anecdote of Lord L——n's own telling, which, previously to seeing mention made of that nobleman in Lady Bloomfield's volumes, I had not thought of committing to paper.

In writing of a tour in Italy which the future ambassadress made with her family, she alludes to 'Lord Bingham' as having appropriated apartments in an hotel, the which rooms had been previously engaged by Lord Ravensworth's courier for the use of his employer's family. Lord Bingham, being possessed of rather more than an average Englishman's dislike to being coerced, waxed exceeding wrath, and threatened to 'thrash' the courier, who stoutly upheld the rights of his employer. From putting this menace into execution he was, however, deterred when he '*found that the courier was a British subject.*' Now, without throwing the slightest doubt on the accuracy of this account, I make bold to say that I think Lord Bingham's motive for sparing the man

may have been misconstrued ; for it was probably to that irascible nobleman's conviction that the man was *dans son droit*, and not to his Nationality, that the courier in question owed his escape from the drubbing which he had not deserved.

If I were to repeat the following characteristic scene as it was, by the chief actor therein, told to me, the story might gain in *verve* what it would certainly lose in straightlacedness, and, therefore, I deem it better to relate the circumstance, barring the concluding sentence, in my own words. A very few years ago, Lord L——n, who was then beyond the age which the Psalmist tells us is the average of a man's life, had so very serious an attack of lung malady, that his family grew seriously alarmed, and persuaded him, though with infinite difficulty, to summon three of the most eminent London physicians for consultation on his case.

According to Lord L——n's account, those 'potent, grave signors,' after asking him many questions, feeling his pulse, and sounding, one

after the other, his chest, retired for no inconsiderable time into the dining-room. When they re-entered the invalid's sanctum, the three oracles, 'big with the fate of Cæsar and of Rome,' pronounced by their mouthpiece the fiat, that unless 'his Lordship' went to a warm climate immediately, they could not answer for his life.

'I should recommend Algiers,' began Sir ——, nothing doubting the while that his advice would be followed to the letter; but he was interrupted by the patient, who, rising from his chair, said in his autocratic fashion :

'I am obliged for your advice, Gentlemen, but I have not the least intention of following it. I won't go abroad, and I won't die. I'll be d—— if I do !'

And he kept his word, for at the age of eighty-three, Lord L——n, if not precisely hale and strong, presents nevertheless *les beaux restes* of what was once one of the handsomest, as he is still one of the most distinguished-looking, liars of his day.

Bernard de Fontenelle, having on one occasion, when he had reached the age of ninety, been placed at dinner by the side of a pretty woman, whispered in her ear the following characteristic words, 'Madam, would that I were eighty, for your sake.'

Let us hope that in seven years' time the Earl of L——n may, under similar circumstances, be capable of wishing that his years did not exceed fourscore !

CHAPTER II.

The late Lord Strangford.—Professor Darwin.—Poor Scholars.

It is not easy to imagine a greater contrast, both physical and mental, between brothers, than that which the two last Lords Strangford presented to each other. The *penultimate* Viscount, if I may be allowed the term, was a brilliant man of the world, one whose intellectual powers *could* not be hid under a bushel, and who was eminently fitted to be, what in fact he was, namely, the leader of a 'Party.' That Party, as I need not remind my readers, was given, when it first sprung into being, the name of 'Young England,' and Benjamin Disraeli, who was at that time just entering upon political life, became one of its most conspicuous members.

My acquaintance with the 'George Smythe' of the fashionable London world was of the most shadowy description, but my appreciation of his talents was such as to make me regret for his sake that, after his death, a novel, *commenced* only by him, and the publication of which—continued and ended as the matter of it was, by a very inefficient hand, should ever have seen the light. I was shown the MS., and my advice was asked as to the possibility of 'anything being done with it'; to which query I, after endeavouring in vain to decipher the not only extraordinary handwriting, but the as puzzling 'sense' (because of the numerous changes and underlinings which constantly occurred) of the long-ago commenced story—gave it as my opinion that the publication of it would be an act of injustice to Lord Strangford's memory. That his widow entirely coincided with me in this opinion, there was afterwards ample proof.

When the last Lord Strangford, long known in Diplomatic circles as 'Percy Smythe,' left the

world of which he always appeared a little weary, there was mourning amongst men of letters in that one so richly gifted with powers both of memory and of mind, should have left behind him so little written evidence of his talents.

‘A light had passed from the revolving years,’

and when ‘death had trampled into fragments’ the fragile frame that held so much of intellect and learning, men of ‘letters’ felt aggrieved in that they had, to borrow an every-day expression, ‘seen the last’ of one who might, had he so chosen, have left to the world a bequest worthy of his father’s name, and of his own.

It was in the summer of the year 1865 that Lord Strangford paid us a visit in our distant Highland home. I have seldom—in ‘society,’ that is to say—met with so singularly reserved and silent a man as was the guest whom we were so well pleased to receive and honour. It was only when with his intimates, and they were singularly few, that he ever in conversa-

tion permitted any of the real power and grasp of his mind to appear ; but when he did emerge from the coating of taciturnity in which it was his pleasure to enwrap himself, no more delightful companion than Lord Strangford could anywhere be found.

In appearance, he was what the French call *chétif*, his figure being thin and delicate looking, whilst an almost imperceptible but constant shaking of the head betrayed the fact that he had, in the days of his childhood, suffered from a slight attack of paralysis. In the opinion of those whose acquaintance with him had never ripened into intimacy, the last Lord Strangford's habitual taciturnity was owing to an amount of shyness such as few men are visited with ; this, however, was an error, and those who thus decided regarding his character, mistook the physical nervousness which is so often caused by infirm health, for an amount of *mauvaise honte* that was utterly inconsistent with his idiosyncrasy. I had once an opportunity of noting the results of a one-sided view taken

by an individual who, strange as it may appear, he being endowed with more than ordinary intelligence, displayed a misapprehension of Lord Strangford's disposition which was on that occasion strikingly apparent. It was at a small dinner-party of five that the event in question occurred, the company assembled consisting of Lord and Lady Strangford, at whose house in Great Cumberland Street we were assembled, of the author of 'Guy Livingstone,' of a pretty young lady, whose name it is not necessary to mention, and myself. As this was the only occasion of my meeting with an author who has written one, at least, of the most harm-doing books that ever emanated from the brain of a novelist, I may be allowed, before calling attention to the actual mistake of which Mr. Lawrence was, on that occasion, guilty, to describe in a few words the impression which his appearance and conversation made upon me.

Being a great admirer—*quand même*—of his writings, I was not (in spite of the tales relating his conduct as a husband which were

in everybody's mouth) much prejudiced against him, but, despite my leniency of feeling towards one to whose volumes I was indebted for many a pleasant hour, I could see in the man himself nothing better than a selfish Sensualist. Without exhibiting any regard—the regard, I would say, that ‘common courtesy’ demands from a guest, to the colloquial proclivities of his host and hostess—he devoted himself entirely to the young lady, whose name I have, for obvious reasons, suppressed, and who appeared—as was only natural—both pleased and flattered by his attentions. My near neighbourhood to a host who could, when he so pleased, and when he ‘liked his company,’ prove entirely charming, did not (although it rendered me independent of extrinsic influences) cause me to be either blind or deaf to what was passing within sight and hearing. That Lord Strangford, notwithstanding his apparent absorption in the subject we were discussing, likewise kept both eyes and ears open to what was passing around him, we soon had abundant proof. Miss ——’s residence

was within a very short distance—namely, a street or two—of Great Cumberland Street. The summer night was warm and dry; a walk, after the heat of the day could hardly fail to be delightful, and therefore it was arranged between the contracting parties—*id est*—Mr. Lawrence and his new young friend—that the former should, on foot, escort the lady on her homeward way. They reckoned, however, without the entire and active disapprobation of their project which Lord Strangford, before it could be put into execution, manifested. When the hour for departure arrived, and when the damsel—looking extremely winning and attractive in a black lace shawl which she had fastened round her head—was ready for departure, Lord Strangford—the moment for wishing ‘good-nights’ having arrived—quietly rang the bell, and, without a word of apology or explanation, ordered that a cab for the use of Miss —— should be sent for. Not a single remark was, I remember, made on the subject. I, however, greatly approved of his intervention. It was an act of

chivalry (for was not this young girl under his protection and that of his wife ?) which, to one so habitually reserved, could not but have been attended both with annoyance and with effort, nor could I divest myself of a certain feeling of satisfaction, in that Mr. Lawrence, who had completely set *les bienséances* at defiance, should, in this instance at least, not have had his way.

The undisguised petting and indulgence which women are given to displaying towards men who lead notoriously profligate and unprincipled lives, is admitted to be a fruitful source of evil. There will always be a full supply of dangerous individuals—insidious underminers of maiden purity—snakes in the grass who glide on unsuspected to their fiendish work, and against these it is not easy to keep watch and ward ; but owing chiefly to the dangerous charm which *daring*, especially when it takes the form of society-defying vice, has for women, those who thus defy it are—as in the case of the late talented novelist

—given to enjoy a considerably larger amount of favour and tolerance than is their due. ‘Girls will be girls,’ and can hardly be expected to resist the charm of an agreeable manner and of a flattering tongue, but older women who thus err, have no such excuse, and although their sin may consist in nothing worse than a love of popularity, and a desire to attract the ‘Lions’ of Society to their houses, it would be well that they looked to their ways, lest peradventure they should make a ‘weak *sister* to offend.’

Lord Strangford, partly perhaps because his was an Irish title, and also for the reason that he had both French and Celtic blood in his veins, always appeared to take a deep interest, not only in the language and habits, but in the welfare of the poorer inhabitants of the sister Island. The depth and extent of his philological knowledge were surprisingly great, and he could converse fluently—I have heard it said—in seventeen different languages; yet he was no pedant, and, from anything that fell from his lips, no deductions as to his vast mental

resources could be drawn. Another subject which our visitor entered into with zest, and discussed with earnestness, was that often mooted and very important one of transmitted tendencies, and it was gratifying to discover that his opinions touching hereditary qualities agreed in many respects with my own.

‘It is a physiological fact,’ he said one day, ‘as well as an often asserted one, that it is to the *mother*, whom children, not only as regards their minds, but also in the matter of features, are especially indebted for their peculiarities. If *she* chance to be a fool, they, we may be sure, will never set the Thames on fire.’

‘But,’ I said, ‘how do you account for the appearance in a family, the heads of which were *both* as dull as it was well possible to be, of such a genius as Shelley?’

‘By the probability,’ he answered, ‘that some ancestress, possibly remote, as well as utterly unknown to fame, had been one of the world’s unknown ‘great’ women, and had thus, though ignorant of her own gifts, become

accountable for the bringing forth to the world of a prodigy.'

'Two of the stupidest men I ever met,' I remarked, 'were Walter Scott's and Wordsworth's sons. The former I knew well when his regiment, the 15th Hussars, was quartered at Hampton Court, and he evidently felt no shame in confessing that he had never read a line of his father's books in his life. His wife, *née* a Miss Jobson, was, as all the world knows, an unattractive heiress, whose marriage with his son Sir Walter brought about, and she was heavier in hand, if possible, than her husband.'

'*Apparemmment*,' said Lord Strangford, as, in his grave, slow way, he parodied Talleyrand's famous suggestion to the ugly man who boasted of his mother's beauty—'*apparemmment c'étaient Mesdames leurs mères qui étaient par trop bêtes*.'

'There can be no doubt,' continued our guest, 'that bad qualities are more certain are good ones to be inherited from

parents. They take, in the first place, a far stronger hold on a woman's nature, and, in the next, as they generally, in some form or other, affect the physical constitution, they necessarily become too firmly fixed to admit of much chance of cure.'

The curious phenomenon also, which has been often noticed, of the reappearance in a family, after perhaps the lapse of several generations, of some half-forgotten feature, some meaningless trick, or some once familiar habit, did not escape Lord Strangford's memory.

'I have known,' he said, 'the writing of a long since dead great-grandfather make its exact appearance again in the 'hand' of some youngster who had neither seen nor heard of its peculiarities, and who certainly had never dreamt of copying his ancestor's calligraphy. *Colour* also,' he added, 'is well-known to, sometimes, like hereditary gout, skip a generation, and show itself, when least expected, amongst white brothers and sisters in the shape of a yellow baby!—an awful instance of prophetic truth, in

that the sins of the fathers are thus rather heavily visited upon the children.'

As a proof, if any were wanting, of the belief entertained by a 'famous man' in the transmission from parent to child of habits and proclivities, I may here mention that I once had the honour of receiving a short letter from Professor Darwin, the object of which was to inquire whether my father did not possess a breed of terriers which, from father to son, and without having received any individual teaching, gave their *right* paws when asked to do so. To this inquiry I could only reply, that although I remembered the little dogs and some of their accomplishments, I could not call to mind whether it was their right or left paws which the innate courtesy of dog nature induced them to offer to their acquaintances.

The weather was obstinately unpropitious—no uncommon complaint in the West of Ireland—during almost the entire ten days of Lord Strangford's stay. He was not addicted to outdoor amusements, and the 'sports' which are

‘death’ to so many of God’s harmless creatures had no charms for him. Under these circumstances, therefore, there existed in his case no call for the ‘roughing it’ to which, when people *will* shoot and fish under pluvious skies, they must necessarily submit. For any, even the mildest kind of what is called ‘knocking about,’ Lord Strangford had neither health nor inclination. A ride, say of some ten or fifteen miles, on a rough mountain pony, up and down boulder-strewn mountains, and often, under pouring rain, and at the extremest verge of dangerously steep descents—had no attractions for a man to whom the memory of Eastern skies, and of the bright sun that gilds the mosques and minarets of Constantinople, was still vivid. The *ex-attaché* had lived too long upon the shores of the Bosphorus, where the shining city,—

‘Mid cypress thickets of perennial green,
With minaret and golden dome between,’

rears its head above the sea’s blue expanse, for the sights and sounds, the rain-clouds and the

gloom, the privations and the perils of wild Connaught life to be otherwise than eminently distasteful to him. His mind was, however, cast in too large a mould for him to be able to *let slide* the burning question, not alone of Ireland's wrongs, but of England's shame, in that she had not, in the course of revolving centuries, been able to 'make,' as the saying is, 'anything' of the conquered country which lies so near her own. Lord Strangford was not well read in Irish history, a circumstance which, seeing that I had never met but one Englishman who *was*, occasioned me no surprise ; but of the character and customs of the people, and especially of their language, its 'roots' and its rudiments, he was, partly from previous comparison with the peculiarities appertaining to other Celtic peoples, as well informed as it was possible to be. The attachment of the Connaught peasantry to the French is engrafted deeply into their natures, and in this respect they differ greatly from those of their race and language in Brittany, by whom,

to be called by the name of 'Frenchmen' is regarded almost as an affront. We, during the year that we passed long ago in one of the least frequented parts of lower Brittany, were addressed as *Sassenachs*, and (for the antagonism of races is strongly developed in the Armorican people) were not, as such, viewed with eyes of favour by the hard-headed Breton rustics. Why the antipathy to Saxons should amongst *them* be found, is not so easy to explain as it is to account for the grateful affection of the Irish towards France. That country, regarding them, I conclude, in the light of an 'oppressed nationality,' has always been ready, in times of emergency, to come to Ireland's rescue ; and in the year 1865 there were not a few aged people living who could clearly recollect the landing, in '98, of the French men-of-war in Killala Bay. One ancient seer in especial, a white-headed and bed-ridden man, whose age 'no man' could tell, repeated to Lord Strangford, on our introduction of the latter to his cabin, many hundred rhymes of Ossian-like poetry com-

memorative of the event, and *improvisé* in Gaelic by the reciter.

The weather, unfortunately, did not admit of our venturing so far out to sea as Innisboffin, a circumstance which Lord Strangford regretted, as he had much wished to inquire into the condition, language, and mode of existence of the 'Boffinians.' It was arranged, however, that I should, after his departure, take an early opportunity of visiting the Island, and that, in the meanwhile, I should keep up his interest in the country by letter. I was especially enjoined to make mention of a certain curious character—one of a type which is only to be found in Ireland. Thomas, or 'Tom Duffy,' as he was habitually called, was known throughout the country as being one of the class of men, yclept 'poor scholars,' the which class will, as long as the Emerald Isle rears its head above the sea, be, both to the unlettered and to the learned, a cause of wonder, and a subject for speculation. It was regarding this singular mixture of cleverness, learning and idiocy,

that Lord Strangford had shown much interest. 'I wish I could see into his brain,' were amongst his last words to me ; his final injunction being, that I would be sure to let him know when 'the shower' which—during his visit to the West had lasted—had come to an end.

Before transcribing my one short letter to my late guest, and his infinitely shorter reply, I will give a brief description of the man, the state of whose mental organization had so riveted the attention of our guest. The first impression which the sight of one of these living evidences of the truth, that the line between wit and madness is very narrow, produces on the mind, is, that the creature, with his vacant eyes, and generally *limp* appearance, cannot be—as the north country saying is—'all there ;' and as we continue to gaze upon him, we expect that,

'From the gloomy vaults of the dull idiot's brain,'

will be emitted sounds, meaningless, if not, indeed, unpleasant to the ear, and we shrink

with a feeling of not unnatural repulsion from entering into conversation with the unfortunate specimen of humanity which has been introduced to our notice. But when the said specimen begins, as was the case with Duffy, to—in somewhat guttural tones—break the silence which is anything but habitual to him, we find that we have been altogether mistaken in our conjectures. The expressions of which he makes use, though often pretentious, are, excepting when he touches on abstruse and difficult subjects, not wanting in clearness, and his powers of memory are truly wonderful. He could repeat—his countenance meanwhile retaining his vacant and changeless expression—a thousand lines of Virgil, without either missing or altering a word, and yet, during this remarkable, but monotonous performance, it was impossible for his audience to divest themselves of the conviction that in the poor fellow's brain there must certainly be a 'screw loose.' His fixed and dominant idea was that he had discovered that delusive will-of-the-wisp known as 'per-

petual motion ;' but to follow him through the mazes of reasoning with which his poor wandering brain was charged, became, when the subject of his discovery came upon the *tapis*, a matter of impossibility.

Tom Duffy's avocations in life were manifold. The most important of them, as regarded *prestige* at least, being that of sacristan to a small Roman Catholic chapel which stood on the outskirts of our farm, and at about nine miles' distance from the house. He was a spare, lank man, and his invariable attire was an old, rusty, long-skirted Priest's coat and hat, the former being the garment in which—as the phrase goes—he 'served the chapel,' as well as paid, for many a mile around, professional visits as a doctor of ailing animals of all kinds and descriptions. He was great at what he called *phlebotomy*, on the benefits to be derived from which he was very fond of holding forth, and, to sum up all his peculiarities, Duffy was an old bachelor ! Whether his state of single blessedness was caused by disinclination to the

marriage state, or from the fact that his office in the Chapel brought him, in some indirect fashion, under the influence of 'the Clairgy,' was not known ; certain, however, it is, that he remained until his death, one of the few (comparatively speaking) single men who are in the ranks of the Irish peasantry to be met with.

The following letter—the only one—as I before said, which, in fulfilment of my promise, I wrote to Lord Strangford, would not, but for two reasons, have found a place in these pages. The first of these two reasons is the desire which I feel to make manifest the interest which he took in the condition of the Irish poor, and the second is the quaintness of the response, which, without a context, could hardly be understood.

‘Dhulough, 1865.

‘DEAR LORD STRANGFORD,

‘I am afraid you will think me a despicable coward, when I write that I have never yet ventured further out to sea than Innisturk.

Of the inhabitants of that rocky islet, and of the wonder that it is how they can even exist, you already know something, for we noted with what wondering and voracious eyes the almost naked children glared at us as we ate our rabbit-pie and lobster *mayonnaise* upon the sandstone boulders. Poor little wretches! were not their faces wan, and their lips and eyes dull and smileless? Their food is as scanty as their clothing, and what more can I say in order to express the meaning of that big word "inefficiency"? Nature surely never intended so small and so barren of soil an Island as Innisturk to be inhabited, nor, I imagine, should we find a much improved state of things farther out to sea. The Boffinians, about whom you are desirous of learning more, are, in one respect, at least better off than are the inhabitants of the sister island that you wot of. The former have the comfort, and to the ignorant creatures' thinking, the safety to their souls, of a resident priest. But as for a doctor! The poor souls must, seeing how rarely the bosom of

the Atlantic is in a peaceful condition, be often in sore straits, as, indeed, *we* should often be, were it not for the skill as a "medicene woman" (which I know that you, in your heart despise) of your humble servant. By the way, you will, I know, be sorry to hear that Tom Duffy is on the sick-list. He came to me yesterday with the old story, "*Plaise yer honour, it's a loomp on me heart I've got.*" And he wanted some *stoof*, poor fellow, to give him *aise*. He was in a very melancholy condition of mind, for in spite of phlebotomy, and all imaginable care, Pat Hoban's cow had "died on him"; and, "*shure the Drummin boys were taking on worse than iver about the pleece station, and it was as much as Father C—— could do to keep 'em quite, and not let on who were the boys as fired the shots.*" You remember, I dare say, the iron police-hut, standing on that most desolate bit of boggy moorland between Drummin chapel and the foot of Shafray mountain. Well, I hardly know which to pity most—whether the unhappy 'Royal Irish' who are doomed to a

damp and dreary existence in that howling wilderness, or the guiltless amongst the inhabitants of the Townland, who have been for years (and will be, doubtless, for years to come) sufferers with the guilty, in that they will not divulge the names of those who committed the outrage on our Ross-shire shepherd, Macdonald. Every time that they are called upon to pay the yearly tribute exacted by Government for the maintenance of the obnoxious Police body, symptoms of a disposition to *give in* are clearly manifested; the priest, however, hears with the rapidity of lightning what is going on, and by immediately putting down his heavy foot, the smouldering embers are for the time crushed out. "*Now, boys, I will have no quarrelling,*" he says, and his flock understands what he means, as well as if he had preached a whole sermon on the subjects of "brotherly love" and obedience to our "pastors and masters." Our neighbour, the "buckeen," threatens with eviction the wretched man, whose wife (as you may recollect) brought her dying baby to our

window during your visit. His tenants are always in a state of semi-starvation. I have known them reduced to eating chickweed in order to keep body and soul together, and fond as they are of their children, the parents would rather see them die, as that poor baby did in our kitchen, than endure what is to them the hateful imprisonment of the workhouse.'

To this letter, I, in due course of time, received a few lines written in the very peculiar calligraphy, which always conveyed to me the impression that the act of writing was, in itself, distasteful to the inditer. The fact of Lord Strangford having left so few 'papers' behind him, tends to confirm me in the idea which I have just committed to paper. The following is his highly characteristic answer to my despatch :

'Traveller's Club.

'Many thanks for your interesting letter. You will never reach the shores of Boffin, or be able to tell terrible tales of the destitution that

doubtless reigns there. Those Armstrong guns* which Daly's brother saw at the Killary's mouth will be too many for you. Let me entreat you, as a personal favour to myself, not to let Tom Duffy 'die on you.' I never yet saw his like, nor shall I, in a lifetime, do so again. How about Kerrigan's pig? Have they sold it for the rint?

'Yours truly,

'STRANGFORD.'

I cannot close this "Notice" of Lord Strangford without adding my tribute of praise to his widow, who, notwithstanding the disadvantages attendant on delicate health—to say nothing of other difficulties—has played well her woman's Part, in that, during the most cruel and iniqui-

* Written in allusion to a remark made by an intelligent and enriched Irish visitor (of the peasant class) from America, who, whilst gazing on the giant waves as they came, during a gale of wind, roaring and raging in amongst the rocks which guard the entrance to Ireland's finest harbour, exclaimed enthusiastically to a companion, '*Them* are ould Oirland's Armstrong goons. The inimy won't invade her this soide, anyways they can fix it, an' it's my belief they'd best not try it on.'

tous War that has ever disgraced a Christian country she has done her utmost to alleviate the sufferings which

‘Man’s inhumanity to man’

had wrought. There is such a thing, as our French neighbours have told us—as *les défauts de nos qualités*, and I have often seen cause to regret, that in many instances, the good and the well-meaning of the world, especially if they happen to be wanting in “common sense,” are led by those same *défauts* into the fostering of self-esteem, and to an over-weening love of Patronage and Power. It is good to be philanthropic, but when Philanthropy tends (as I have known to be the case) to induce the well-intentioned one, not only to believe every piteously sounding tale of woe which a hitherto unknown adventurer may whisper in *her* ear, but to disseminate far and wide, wholly uncorroborated accusations uttered by the said adventurer against persons of highest honour whose voices are silent in the grave, then I say, that Philanthropy is—in my opinion—worse than at a discount.

CHAPTER III.

Miss Cushman.—Abbé Liszt, Mrs. Archer Clive, Blumenthal, Madame Risteri.

AFTER the lamented death of my dear brother, it fell to my lot to look over some of his private papers, and as I happened to find amongst them two or three letters of my own, written to him from Rome, and containing a few remarks upon such well-known characters as I chanced in my journeyings to fall in with, I have deemed it advisable—without either changing the words employed, or modifying the opinions enunciated therein—to copy the missives into these pages.

‘Piazza de Spagna, Jan. 18th.

‘MY DEAR JOHN,

‘As I know that you only care for letters to which no answer is expected, but that,

under those circumstances, you *do* care to hear from me, I shall devote half an hour to telling you something of what we are about. I shall begin, knowing the interest that you take in all that is connected with the Stage, by telling you that we have made the acquaintance of Miss Cushman, the celebrated American actress, who has taken up her abode in Rome, and is one of the most popular, as well as the most hospitable persons here. There were private theatricals at her house last week, to which we were invited, and nothing could have been more successful, for Miss Cushman is as perfect a Stage-manager as she is a hostess, and the play, besides being well chosen, was thoroughly well acted. The best amongst the male performers was Colonel Greathed—one of the three brothers who were thanked in Parliament for their services during the Indian Mutiny. As a fine gentleman of the time when the *Grand Monarque* held his wicked Court, he was simply perfect, and he was admirably supported by a beautiful American girl—Margaret Henselt by name—

whose mother, the widow of a gallant Southern gentleman, is still so young-looking and handsome, that by many she is even more admired than is her daughter. In powder and patches, and a lovely dress of the period, Miss Henselt looked a *belle Marquise* to the life, and even the Northerners, who were present in numbers, could not deny the fair Confederate her meed of applause. By the way, the bitter feeling between the two great rival American parties has not diminished one iota in intensity, and the most melancholy part of this continued state of acrimony, is that near relations have become, since that dreadful war, the bitterest enemies. I heard a good deal of this from Margaret Henselt, with whom, and with her mother, I—owing to my strong Southern sympathies—fraternized at once. I shall not easily forget the deep feeling they evinced when I, one afternoon, when we sat together on the *Pincio*, boldly gave voice to the opinion that Booth, who, in the long American tragedy, played the most conspicuous part, was a ‘hero’

in my sight. The tears, as I spoke, came into the eyes of both those lovely Southerners, whilst they seized my hands, and seemed more than half inclined to embrace me then and there. I was the first foreigner, they said, who had ever spoken in words such as these of the man who had sacrificed his life for his country's good, and who, having so acted, deserved, in their opinion, to have—like *Charlotte Corday*—a name in History as a Patriot. I feel sure that *you*, at least, will not misunderstand me when I own that I share their feelings. No one can have a greater horror than I of the crime of assassination. To take another's life unawares, must be at all times an act from which the mind of a good and honourable man shrinks with abhorrence, but when, acting on the conviction that the death of one whom *he* views in the light of a tyrant will save his country from blood-shed and oppression, a dear lover of that country elects to sacrifice his own life by taking that of the oppressor, the so-called assassin is one who is sure that it is not only his existence that

he will offer at the shrine of freedom, but the good name which is dear to him as life itself. For will not all men—save perhaps a very few—look upon him as a revolting murderer, and refuse to give him credit for the patriotic and self-sacrificing motives by which he was actuated? The actor, Booth, was an Englishman by birth, and dearly valued by his family, especially by his widowed mother, to whose support he devoted much of his hard-earned gains.

‘We went to a musical assembly lately, at which a new symphony, or whatever it may be called, composed by the *Abbé Liszt* was performed. I felt very curious to see the man whose wonderful playing of his own wild but beautiful music, to say nothing of the romantic stories of which he is the hero, has been the cause of no little admiration for, and curiosity concerning him. The Choruses, which were to vary the instrumental portion of the performance, were to be sung by about twenty young Roman ladies, who, dressed in white, with

bouquets of colourless roses in their hands, were ranged in a gallery, in front of the audience, and immediately above the *players*. Liszt, who, previous to the 'striking up,' lounged about amongst the rows of visitors, was a conspicuous figure in his semi-sacerdotal garments, and as he gazed up at the gallery where stood the Roman maidens, some of whom were pretty, and all young, and by whom a portion of the last effort of his genius was to be sung, I narrowly watched the expression of the lately-made *Abbé's* countenance. It was very fervent—highly intellectual, but anything but suggestive of the religious enthusiasm which some had the charity to believe had led to his entrance into Holy Orders. The tones, also, of his deep voice, as he said, quite loud enough to be heard by the occupants of the gallery, and pointing upwards to their station, "*Ecco gli Angeli*," were alone sufficient to confirm me in my opinion that the eminent Composer, who had recently enrolled himself amongst the Roman Catholic hierarchy, could hardly, with any

regard to truth, be regarded as one whose religious convictions had caused him to devote himself to the service of the Church.'

Of the second letter which I found amongst my brother's papers, only a short portion has reference to persons having any claim to the epithet of 'famous' (the which adjective, by the way, I claim to use in a comparative sense, inasmuch as 'one star,' saith Holy Writ, 'differeth from another star in glory,' and all men cannot have equal claims to the *aura popularis* which so many long for, and yet long in vain). The fragment of the letter, which I shall copy *verbatim*, runs as follows :

'I forgot, when I wrote last, to tell you that the pleasant little wife of Colonel Greathed is the daughter of Mrs. Archer Clive, in whom, as the authoress of "the cleverest novel you ever read," you take so warm an interest. Mrs. Greathed does not in the least—in person, at least—resemble her mother, which is fortunate, as the latter was decidedly plain, but hers is such

a good face, so kind and so *true*, that you forget the want of beauty, and only remember how entirely, morally speaking, Nature has made her to be loved. I agree with you that "Paul Ferroll" is a very powerful book. The episode in the life of the hero, of his falling down the harbour steps at Pontaubé, and which is so graphically described by Mrs. Clive, is taken from an accident which actually happened to an acquaintance of the Authoress'. I think I remember hearing that the family of the gentleman who, on that occasion, was very seriously injured, did not particularly approve of his misfortune having served the purpose to which it was put. Of one thing, however, I feel absolutely certain, namely, that had Mrs. Archer Clive been in the slightest degree aware that objection would be taken to the incorporation of Mr. S——'s *real* story into the imaginary one of "Paul Ferroll," no such incorporation would have taken place. One great objection to visiting at Rome is the great height at which the *habitués* of this most wonderful City deem it prudent—

and I feel sure that they are right—to locate themselves. We went last evening to a *soirée*—or, rather, a *conversazione*—in the Palazzo Barbarini, on the fourth *piano*, or floor, of which, are the apartments occupied by Mr. Story the American sculptor, and his family. To mount there, was to me a grievous toil, and, after all, *le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle*. There was a great crowd, and, as usual, the lady of the—I was about to write *house*—had collected together every English person who had the least claim to ‘rank,’ that she could find. Mr. Story, who is an inveterate punster, is not so much addicted to the Anglo-Saxon weakness as is his wife. I am inclined, indeed, to think, that men are on the whole less subject to the complaint than are the opposite sex. There were two Cardinals present, and three Monsignori, but in other respects the crush very much resembled a London or a Paris one, and I should, for my own part, have much preferred spending ten minutes *downstairs* with poor Beatrice Cenci’s portrait, to the endurance of an hour, *au quatrième*, in the midst

of so much which, to a worshipper of *old Rome*, cannot fail, I think, whilst joining in modern Romangaiety, to be *désenchantant* in the extreme.

‘We dined the other day with a charming English unmarried lady. There had been invited, a party of ten, the dinner was excellent, and amongst the guests, Jacques Blumenthal, the Pianist—whose playing is only equalled by the beauty of his compositions—was one. Would you believe it? He obstinately refused, when we found ourselves again in the drawing-room, and the party was considerably increased by the arrival of after-dinner guests, to play one note for the enjoyment of the company! And he was—immensely to my disgust—entreated by many of the ladies present, in the most abject manner, to grant their prayer, but all in vain! Not a bar, or even a note, would the man who had been so hospitably entertained by a kindly *single* lady strike at her request. Now, I am not by any means prepared to say that I think such an overture to a professional man as altogether in good taste, but a pianist, who is, and

knows himself to be, a gentleman, would never consider that he lost *caste* by complying with a demand which he ought to consider as a flattering one. Moreover, if he *have* registered a vow not to "discourse," excepting for filthy lucre, "eloquent music," it is clear that he ought to make the fact public. Invitations to dinner are—or at least should be—given to those who can contribute their quota to the pleasure of the meeting. Those persons whose powers lie in the tips of their fingers rather than in those of their tongues, would probably, should the course I have recommended be followed, find themselves not seldom left out in the cold.'

The last time—namely, in 1878—that I was in Rome (and that it was and will be the *last* time is a source to me of deep regret) I had the pleasure of being introduced to Madame Ristori, or, as she is called in Rome, the Marchesa del Grillo. I was taken by a friend, the Contesse d'Allaman, a niece of Cavour, and a very clever, agreeable woman, to call upon the great tragic actress, who received me with much courtesy in a large

and beautifully furnished apartment, and introduced me to her daughter, a handsome girl, who has since married. I was so fortunate as to have seen Madame Ristori in 'Lady Macbeth,' which she told me was beyond all comparison her favourite character. Her voice, in speaking off the stage, is—as I believe was the case with Mrs. Siddons—too *gruff* to be agreeable, but no one who has ever heard it can, I think, forget the wonderful effect of her whisper when, as Lady Macbeth, she apostrophizes her guilty hand. How it was that tones so low could, as they did, penetrate to the farther end of one of the largest theatres in Italy, seemed little short of miraculous.

Madame Ristori is the daughter of a strolling player, in whose 'Company' she, at a very early age, performed; but a great tragic actress, whose name I forget, was struck by the child's histrionic powers, and took her by the hand, instructing her in her Art, and bringing her forward on the stage. When the young Marchese del Grillo fell in love with, and

married her, she left the profession, but after awhile the ruling passion grew too powerful to be resisted, and she returned to the life she loved. Her daughter appeared to have no sympathy whatever with Madame del Grillo's tastes. She enjoyed the society in which, as her father's daughter she had a right to mix, and hated being taken to foreign countries as her mother's companion on her professional tours. The last occasion on which she had thus, against her will, been taken from Rome, was to accompany Madame Ristori to Buenos Ayres, in which city the great Tragedian had an engagement to fulfil. I pitied the girl when these things were told to me, and was glad, for her sake, when I heard that she was married. In one of the large drawing-rooms I noticed a beautifully painted, but only half-finished, full-length portrait of Signorina del Grillo. The likeness was a striking one, but the incompleteness of the picture was so striking, that to hang it on the wall seemed, to say the least of it, premature. Madame Ristori, however, ac-

counted for the incongruity by explaining that the artist, a young man of great talent, and in whom they were much interested, had died suddenly, palette in hand, whilst her daughter was in the act of giving him a sitting.

‘I would not,’ Madame Ristori said, ‘let another artist finish what he had begun so well, and so the work of *il povero Giovinotto* hangs there as a memento of *his* genius, and of *our* regard.’

Pius IX. was, at the time of this, my last visit to Rome, still head of the Roman Catholic Church. My memories of him date from the year 1842, when his temporal power was as yet outwardly unthreatened, and when his despotic Rule, though it fell with cruel weight upon his subjects, was enjoyed by *him* in apparent security and peace. It was on the occasion of meeting his ‘Holiness’ as he took walking exercise outside the gates of Rome, that I first saw, and heard the voice of the Pontiff of whom a writer in the *Saturday Review* has, on one occasion written, as ‘that amiable, but irritable

old Italian gentleman, Pope Pius IX.' The few words which fell from the lips of that 'amiable tyrant' having been addressed to myself, and seeing that this 'uncertain paper' has been 'filled' in some portions by records of those who are only comparatively 'famous,' I shall devote a few words to the then Spiritual Sovereign of Rome.

My husband and I were one afternoon on horseback near the Porta San Giovanni, when we saw the *cortége* of his 'Holiness' advancing at a slow pace towards us. He was on foot, followed by his empty carriage. A Cardinal walked on either side of him, and in front, a mounted guard, waving their drawn swords, warned all persons whom they met, to fall forthwith upon their knees before the Sovereign Pontiff. My husband, being willing to show due respect to the ruler of the land in which we were dwelling, at once dismounted, peremptorily, however, at the same time, forbidding me to follow his example. The guard, a curious-looking set of men, seemed at first inclined to insist upon

their orders being obeyed, but a sign from the Pope checked their zeal, and then, whilst the white-robed figure *stood*, and the Englishwoman remained *seated*, he, in somewhat halting English, but very politely, bade me continue, as I had intended to do, in the saddle. On the festival of St. Antonio, when the Pope goes in state to bless the animals from the steps of San Giovanni in Laterano, we drove in the open carriage to have our four good English horses, which had brought us safely through not a few perils from distant Paris, to receive the holy water, and the Papal benediction. Although I was in a different *costume*, Pio Nono evidently recognised me, and possibly entertaining the idea that I was one of the Faithful, rewarded me with a kindly smile.

The insuperable objection which I entertain to bowing the knee to any *earthly* potentate has always prevented me from attending the Pope's receptions. It is *only* at the English Court and at the Vatican that the degrading ceremony of

kneeling to a fellow being is insisted on. In other Court receptions, a deep curtsy from the ladies, and a low bow from the gentlemen are deemed sufficient evidences of the homage which it is the duty of all self-respecting persons to pay to those who reign over the land in which they live.

The strong desire, almost universally felt by foreigners of the weaker sex who visit Rome, to 'have an audience with the Pope,' is not, I think, *always* shared by the male portions of their kindred, and I remember having been much amused by a remark on the subject, of a rich and very delightful Dutchman, who, having lived twenty years in Java, was a believer in no especial Creed or doctrine. His wife was keenly desirous to be presented to the Pontiff, nor did Monsieur Raiüws make any objection to the proceeding, until he heard that he would be compelled, on kissing the Pope's hand, to go down on his knees. Upon receiving this unwelcome intelligence, the handsome, stalwart Dutchman plaintively said :

'Je le voudrais bien, mais je crains que mon pantalon ne soit trop étroit.'

I need hardly add that my pleasant friend's garments did not—at a Vatican Reception at least—run the chance of coming to grief.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Nassau Senior's Impressions of the West of Ireland.—
Extract from His Journal.

THE 'melancholy sea' that divides the two Islands, which, though sisters in name, are certainly not so in feeling, stood much too frequently in the way of our receiving at our house, visitors from England. There are men, who, in the hope of indulging their love of 'sport,' will run the chance of undergoing even greater evils than, in a voyage across the Irish Channel, they are likely to incur, and there be other some—artist for the most part—whose love of scenery emboldens them to undertake a journey into even more desolate wildernesses than the one in which my lot was cast. Of these latter individuals, I may men-

tion, amongst those who ventured their persons on board the Royal Irish mail-steamers, *en route* to Dhulough, Mr. Munro of Novar, Turner's friend and executor, and *Theodore Gudin*, the French Marine Painter, who, with his wife and two of his daughters, passed a week in our house. The latter were very charming girls, and the former was bearing with a considerable amount of philosophy the wrong which, in his opinion, the French Government had inflicted upon him. It appeared that some time previous to his fall, Louis Philippe had 'commanded' *Monsieur Gudin* to paint sixty pictures for the Versailles Gallery, the which pictures were to be commemorative of naval engagements won by the French nation. The order was duly executed, but then came the Orleans collapse, and the sixty unpaid-for pictures were left on *Monsieur Gudin's* hands. He had some idea, during his visit to us, of taking them to America, and of endeavouring to sell his unfortunate pictures in that country. He was, however, afterwards either better ad-

vised, or he lacked the energy necessary for the carrying out of his plan. It is to be feared that his family—in part, owing to the great unpopularity in France of the Orleans dynasty—will never obtain justice at the hands of any Government which may, in that country, hold the reins of power.

Mr. Munro, whose visit took place some years previously to that of the *Gudins*, made one or two abortive attempts to signalize his stay by water-colour sketches of the mountains, but he found the task a difficult one, and the rain, too, which perseveringly fell, discomposed him, so that, on the whole, he found, it is to be feared, but little in the Wild West to reward him for the exertion that he had made in reaching it. There is a certain class of men, and of that class Mr. Munro was one, who, owing to some chance association or connection with artists and their lives, appear to consider themselves entitled to lay down the law in matters of taste. The mention of this peculiarity in Mr. Munro, reminds me of another instance of

the same characteristic, namely, that of Mr. George Morland (a nephew of the great artist of the same name, and himself a far from despicable judge of pictorial art), who once, he being an old man, took me somewhat roundly to task regarding my—as he evidently considered them—errors of taste. I happened, one day, in his presence, to express my surprise at the large price lately given for a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds of my grandmother.

‘I can just understand’—I wound up by saying—‘that a man possessed of more money than he knows what to do with, might be induced—by the wish, perhaps, to fill up a gap in his family portrait gallery—to give £5,000 for his *own* grandparent’s likeness, but that he should expend such a sum on the purchase of a picture which is not even the adumbration of a personage famous in story, either for her beauty, her virtues, or her vices, entirely passes my comprehension.’

‘You forget, I think,’ said Mr. Morland (who, by the way, is still, at the age of eighty—leservedly popular, and listened to with

deference at his club—the Reform—on subjects connected with art and literature)—‘ You forget, I think, that the fact of this picture being a “Sir Joshua” fully accounts for the price it realized. England’s greatest portrait-painter! Such grace! such delicacy! such perfection of colouring——!’

‘I beg your pardon, Mr. Morland,’ I said laughing, ‘but I know a *perfecter*. In my opinion, Gainsborough’s portraits are, far and away, more admirable than Sir Joshua’s. Both in grace of attitude, and charm of colouring, the Suffolk artist in my opinion, exceeds the Devonshire one, and is equalled only—and not surpassed—by Vandyke.’

To describe the contemptuous astonishment which at this avowal of opinion was depicted on Mr. Morland’s features, would be impossible. That he pitied the darkened condition of my mind and tastes, I could plainly see, for mingled with his horror at the discovery, there was a kindly wish to prevent the further exposure of my ignorance.

‘Let me advise you,’ he solemnly responded, ‘never again to repeat what you have just said. Ruskin has decided——’

‘For himself!’ I boldly remarked, ‘and doubtless for a very large proportion of mankind, but not, in a case of this kind, for *me*. I have always been of opinion that the kind of Autocracy which you claim for Ruskin, is, on many accounts, a very pernicious thing. It often prevents the utterance of individual opinion, and by that means, may ruin possibly, the prospects of some young artist, who, but for the dictum of “Sir Oracle,” might have “achieved greatness.” I wish I could persuade those, who place blind belief in a standard of taste on which to form their own, to have the courage of their opinions, and not in this matter to be

‘ “ilke dumb driven cattle,
Bellowing to the sound of their self-constituted leader’s horn.” ’

That I utterly failed in making any impression on my opponent, is a truth which will be
 ‘ granted. He was one of those far
 mmon individuals who can never in

the picture of a great, and especially of a very ancient *master*, see even the faintest shadow of a defect. Who dare deny that *absolutely* faultless works of such painters as Leonardo da Vinci, of Titian, and of Correggio are numerous? But when it is remembered how frequently they employed inferior artists, not only to *finish* the minor details of their productions, but to paint important portions of their pictures, methinks that some excuse may be found for even humble critics who venture to see a fault in the works of men whose genius has rendered their names immortal. As an illustration of my remark, that the productions, even of the greatest painters are not always faultless, I will mention a Correggio in the National Gallery. The figures, of which the principal is a nude Venus, are life-size, and, with the exception of the wrist and fore-arm of the Goddess of Beauty the picture is an admirable one, but I defy anyone (let his or her pretensions, or rather claims, to art knowledge be ever so small) not to be struck by the absence of any acquaintance

with anatomy which, on the part of whomsoever painted that arm and wrist, is, in the picture in question, demonstrated. The number of the painting I forget, but it hangs in Room IV., and cannot be mistaken.

Of the few, whether they were previous acquaintances or otherwise, who, with the design of making themselves better acquainted with the condition of the peasantry, visited Dhulough, I must first make mention of Mr. Nassau Senior (that indefatigable collector of 'facts'), who, with his daughter, found himself, late in the summer of 1862, in the wilds of Connaught. As is well known (at least in the literary world), Mr. Senior's search for information was insatiable; there existed scarcely a subject on which he spoke that he did not sift to the bottom, and the result of his inquiries made in various parts of Europe, and of men highly distinguished for their political, as well as for their literary and social *status*, have been at different times given to the world. At the time when my husband answered, *à cœur ouvert*,

and with perfect truth, the questions put to him by Mr. Senior, he (the former) had no notion whatever that his words were afterwards to be transferred to paper, and that, for the purpose of eventually publishing the replies, the questions of Mr. Senior were put.

It was regarding the condition of the people before the Famine of 1847 and 1848, of the famine itself, and of the events which led to the clearing away of the small tenantry and the consequent letting of the land in large farms, that our visitor showed himself the most desirous of obtaining information, and on these subjects, which naturally included some mention of the amount of privation from which not a few landlords, owing to the failure of rents, suffered, he received truthful and categorical replies. Some little time had, after Mr. Senior's departure, elapsed, before we heard of him again, and, we having by that time forgotten both the questions and the replies, were greatly vexed by the intelligence that Lord Clanricarde, Lady Sligo's brother, was much annoyed by a

remark made in a forthcoming work of Mr. Nassau Senior's, to the effect that Lord Sligo's family were, during the famine, 'almost in want of bread.' Now, whether there was or was not exaggeration in this statement, matters, I think, but little. It was well known that Lord Sligo had sacrificed every deer in his park in order to relieve the wants of his starving tenantry, and surely, although the fact of being 'poor' has been described of late by a writer of renown as synonymous with the commission of a 'horrible crime,' the fact that, 'out of nothing, nothing comes,' cannot be disputed.

Almost simultaneously with our hearing that a few thoughtlessly uttered words had been the cause of annoyance to our neighbours, there arrived from the printer's the proof-sheets, containing the account of Mr. Senior's visit to us in Ireland. On hearing the objection to one passage therein, that had been raised, he kindly offered to cancel the whole, and this proposal my husband, to his after regret, accepted. The

description of Dhulough and its surroundings was, however, retained amongst Mr. Senior's MSS., and with the permission of his daughter, Mrs. Simpson, I copy it from the journal in this place.

‘Our road to Dhulough lay through the wild mountainous descent called Murrisk. For the first ten miles, the mountain of Crowpatrick was a grand object. At length we left it to our right, and at the bottom of a long descent, found ourselves on the bank of the Errive river. The bridge by which we ought to have crossed was destroyed four years ago by a flood, which carried away a haystack, wedged it into the arch, and then blew it up. We unloaded our cars, sent the luggage across on men's shoulders, crossed ourselves on stepping-stones, and got the cars over as best we could.’

[The Errive river—a very dangerous one when full—remained, albeit it crossed the high-road

between the counties of Mayo and Galway, *unbridged* over for more than four years, nor was it till after the landlady of the Westport Hotel—an excellent woman, and the mother of a large family—was drowned there one night, whilst attempting to ford the river, that it was deemed necessary to replace the bridge.]

‘We wound our way through mountains, generally about 2,500 feet high, rising abruptly from nearly the level of the sea, and, therefore, apparently higher than many of greater real altitude. The scenery, though bare of trees, was very grand.

‘At last we reached Dhulough, or the Black Lake—a sheet of water a couple of miles long and half a mile broad, at the western extremity of which there is to be seen a small wooded island, its distance from the shore being scarcely more than fifty yards. A legend exists, that in Ireland’s dark ages, one of her many kings was slaughtered on the island, he having swam thereto to escape from a pursuing enemy.

‘About 200 feet up the mountain is placed Captain H——n’s house, and immediately in face of it rises Muilhrae, or “the king of mountains,” 2700 feet high, the highest in Ireland, as we were told by the driver of our car.

‘A Roman Catholic chapel and one or two cottages, apparently newly erected, were the only buildings that we saw during the last ten miles, but many roofless walls and gable-ends showed that the district had once been peopled *as fully, indeed, more fully,* than its soil (almost everywhere mountain, bog, or rock, bare or thinly clothed with grass) seemed to deserve. Captain H——n’s house is placed in nearly the middle of his farm, the which contains 80,000 acres, or rather more than 100 square miles of land and water. About 10 Scotch herdsmen, each of whom has two men under him, and about 40 men, employed as boatmen, masons, blacksmiths, gardeners, and fishermen, amounting, with their families, to about 500 persons, form, with Captain

H—n's family, the human inhabitants of this territory. The brutes on the land are 15,000 sheep, 40 or 50 horses, and about 400 cattle belonging to the Lessee, besides the one or two cows belonging to each of the 100 families in his employ, and which are permitted to graze on the land.

'We rode this morning with our host along the shore of the lake, and then up one of the mountains which rises from it to a point which commands a view of the mouth of Killary harbour, with its hundred islands, and Clare Island, and the mountains of Achill in the distance. Below us were the ruins of thirty or forty houses, telling their own tale of misery and desolation.

"Before the famine," said our companion, "this district, which consists almost entirely of mountain-land, a great proportion of which is totally unsuited for cultivation (an unsuitableness which is, of course, greatly aggravated by the constant rain which deluges the country), contained, it is said, 10,000

inhabitants. Many perished in the famine, many emigrated, and many took refuge in the poor-house. In 1850, when a lease of it was offered to me, I was told that I should have it without any inhabitants. On those terms I took it, for the only use I could make of it was to stock it with cattle and sheep. About 100 persons were all whom I could then employ, and I intended to bring many others from Scotland. Any supernumerary inhabitants must have either starved, or have been supported by me. Their only business was to grow potatoes and children, and the potato crop had failed. In point of fact, however, there were still about 4,000 persons on the ground. They had paid no rent for the last five years, and were all under notice from Lord Sligo and Lord Lucan to quit, but it was very long before the clearance was completed."

"Did the landlords," I asked, "make any provision for the persons whom they evicted?"

"Lord Lucan," he answered, "owns only a very small portion of my district. I do not

believe that he troubled himself about the matter. As for Lord Sligo, he could do nothing. For years the little rent that he had received had been absorbed by poor-rates, but he and his family bore the privations to which they were subjected bravely, and did not, as was the case with many landlords, desert the country."

"And how was the clearance managed?" I asked.

"It was managed," he answered, "by the sheriff coming with a large body of police and labourers, with crowbars and pickaxes, reading to the people the judgment of the Court, turning them into the high-road (this, however, was never done in my district after I became lessee of the land, and was able to take such matters into my own hands), sparing neither sex nor age, and that, too, in the inclement month of November; unroofing the houses, levelling some of the walls, and, in fact, reducing every village to the state of the one below us. In a few days, haps, half of those who had been ejected

returned. Then they were summoned as wilful trespassers, and fined. If they persisted in remaining, or in returning, they were sent to prison for non-payment of their fines. Gradually they were worn out. Some got employment on land elsewhere, some found a refuge in the workhouse, some took to begging, and many went to America."

"How could they pay the passage?" I asked.

"A passage," he answered, "could then be got for three pounds, and most of them had money. About the time when I came to this place the Government called in the 'light gold.' An opinion prevailed in this part of Ireland that gold coins were to lose their value. I saw at a banker's in Newport a large bowl full of gold coins, many of them foreign, and many of them guineas and half-guineas. 'They are the old hoards,' said the banker, 'of the peasantry, and are brought to me to be exchanged for my notes. To-morrow I shall probably have another bowl-full. They trust to my notes,

but would not take a sovereign from me.' Lord Sligo had to proceed against the inhabitants of a townland not comprised in my lease. No rent had been paid for five years. Some paid a portion of the arrears, and were allowed to remain. The others pleaded inability. They saw Lord Sligo, and a clever fellow was their spokesman. '*Shure my lord, we have none of us,*' he said, '*a farthing. The praties has failed upon us, and we're desthroyed enthirely. I declare to me God it's thrue that I haven't a shilling in the wide whirld, an' a long, wake family to support, saving yer honour's presence; but, by the blessing of God, the good times will come back, and the rint shall be paid thin, never fear.*'

"'No,' said Lord Sligo; 'what the others have done you can do. I shall allow no one to remain who does not pay what I know that he can pay.'

"'Shure,' they said, '*we have not among us all the value of a farthing.*'

"'Then,' answered Lord Sligo, 'you must go.'

“ They consulted for some time, and then the spokesman said, ‘ *Would your lordship take a year’s arrears now? We might make up that, by the help of God.*’

“ ‘No,’ said Lord Sligo. ‘You have been trying to deceive me. I will not keep you.’

“ ‘*Ach! thin, my lord,*’ said the man, ‘*shure, we will pay the five years’ arrears;*’ and truly enough they did, for they had brought the money with them.

“ Lord Sligo, however, was obdurate. ‘I will not keep you,’ he said, ‘at any price.’

“ ‘These people,” continued our host, “are not civilized enough to be honest. A few months ago a respectable—I may say a venerable-looking old man sold me a mare. If she turned out to be in foal, he was to have a pound more than the price given. She did prove to be in foal, and he came for his money. I counted out to him twenty shillings, after which he counted them also carefully, and went away. Two or three days afterwards he came again. He had a claim against me, he said, for a shilling; for,

instead of twenty shillings, he found, on examination, that I had given him only eighteen shillings and two sixpences. 'Nonsense,' I said; 'I counted the money and you counted it. We could not both of us have mistaken two sixpences for two shillings.' '*I vow on my saoul,*' he answered promptly, and looking the picture of injured innocence, '*that the saxpences wasn't a shilling at all, yer honour. Shure, it's not mesel' would be telling your honour's honour a lie, and I declare to me God that two of what your honour gave me for shillings were jist saxpences.*' 'You and your soul,' I replied, 'must settle it between you. Here is another shilling, and be off with you!' He seemed astonished at my ready compliance. '*Is your honour,*' he said, '*obliged to give me that shilling?*' 'Not in the least,' I replied. 'Nobody can believe your story, but as you choose to risk your soul for a shilling, and the sin, if you have been telling me a lie, has been already committed, I give you the shilling. '*Bedad,*' he replied, '*your honour is not an*

Irishman. Shure, there is not an Irish gentleman would have given me this shilling without being obliged to do it.'

"And yet," I said, "he came expecting to get you to give it him."

"Yes," answered our host, "but not so easily. I expect, too, that he pledged his soul inadvertently, and got frightened. He belongs, however, to a set of people for whom there is much excuse. He is one of the tenants of a 'buckeen,' or very small landowner, who owns about a thousand acres just beyond me. The fair rent ought to be about £200 a year, and he gets, by hook or by crook, at least £300. He is of the class of landlords who give no leases—if a tenant makes any improvements, or even seems to be comfortable, he instantly raises the rent. He never will commit himself in writing, but makes verbal promises, and breaks, or denies them as fast as they are made. He distrains and sells the cattle and stock of the tenants without mercy. He takes advantage of the competition for land, and the people's hopes and

fears, as means for wringing all that can be got, without actually starving them to death, from his tenants. Perhaps the shilling of which the old man defrauded me was necessary to make up some payment (without the forthcoming of which the poor devil would be turned out neck and crop from his most miserable of homes), for his merciless landlord. Or it is possible that the old fellow was driven to cheat by the knowledge that if he had not got the rent that very day one of his cows would have been sold for half its value. The 'buckeen' is much the worse of the two, for the tenant knew that though he was cheating me, he was doing me no real harm. This type of landlord ruins one or two families every year, and knows that he is doing so—and does so merely to get a few pounds, not for his necessities, but to spend in low debauchery."

' "And yet he calls himself a gentleman!"

"Some time ago my herds had a dispute with those of Mr. Plunkett, who holds some land near my frontier, on which there is a missionary station. A certain 'buckeen' wrote to me a letter

beginning 'Dear Captain H——n,' in which he said that if he had heard of the dispute in time, he would have come with all his tenantry to the scene of action to put down the Plunkett people. His example is terribly mischievous. The people on my land are sober, drinking little except milk and water. This is one of the causes of their prosperity. But the buckeen class gets drunk with the farmers, and even with the cottiers on his land, and helps to create the poverty which makes them his slaves."

"What surprises me," I said, "is that you should have gone safely through such an undertaking."

"I got through it," he said, "with a certain degree of impunity, but scarcely with safety, for my life was not worth an hour's purchase during the struggle. The priests denounced me from every altar as an accomplice of exterminators and murderers. They told the people they might get rid of me in any way that they could. They on several occasions, when, for a wonder, the 'flying bent,' or scutch grass, was dry, set

it on fire, to the imminent danger of the flocks, as the flames rushed along the mountain-sides as they do on a burning prairie. My sporting and shepherd's dogs were poisoned, my sheep were killed, or driven away by troops of men in broad daylight. I prosecuted those whom I could catch, but no Mayo jury would convict. A subscription was made to assassinate me, and a fifteen-pound note raised. The money was paid to a fellow to whom it fell by lot to undertake the job. The place and time were fixed, but just before it was to come off, an American ship touched at Westport, and he, very wisely, went off in her with the money. They might have hired a Tipperary boy for a pound, and he would at least have tried it—but the Mayo men are cowards at heart. While my house was being built, we had to drive over to Dhulough and return in the evening; the road crosses a mountain, and at one point skirts the precipice, from which it is separated by a low wall of loose stones. They removed the wall and placed some of the stones across the

road. Luckily we arrived before it was quite dark, saw that there was something in the road, and stopped the horses. Had we gone on, or had the horses started, we must have fallen over the precipice. I sent to Dublin for a Detective who was to disguise himself, live among the peasants, abuse me, join in their plots, and ultimately reveal them. A man came who looked every inch a soldier. I sent him back. 'He will be recognised,' I said, 'the instant he is seen. I want a man with round shoulders, slouching gait, and a rich brogue.' But they returned their detective to me. 'He is the best,' they said, 'we have. He may not be a good spy, but he is clever and bold.' With him came a strong body of constabulary, and I believe their presence decided the war, for the time, in my favour. The peasantry were very ill-armed—they are bad shots, and fear the constabulary. The latter are, singular to say—for they are all Irish, and belong mostly to the peasant and small shopkeeper class—very staunch and loyal. With their help, as I said before, I weathered

the storm and stood my ground, the contest, however, lasted five years, and during the whole of that time my pistols were always in my pocket, or by my side."

"Do you run any risks now?" I asked.

"Not many," he answered, "for the hundred families on the land are my servants, and, happily, not my tenants. I have built cottages for them; I pay them well; they have all a cow, perhaps more than one, and a potato ground."

"When they lose a cow," I asked, "do you help to buy them another?"

"Never!" he answered. "All their cows would, in that case, be lost every year. They can afford to replace them, and they do so."

"And how do the priests behave?" I asked.

"I am not popular with them, of course," he answered, "which is not at all surprising. I treat them with courtesy, and give money for public and private purposes when they ask me for it. I do not proselytize, and they know that I discourage proselytizers. Still, as large

grazing farms mean loss of income to them, they are naturally anxious for my death."

'About a mile from Dhulough is Lough Fin. It communicates with Dhulough by the Banderagha river, which two miles lower down falls in the Killary Bay, which skirts Captain H——n's land for a distance of seven miles. The Killary is an arm of the sea, running in from the Atlantic about nine miles, and separating the counties of Mayo and Galway by a channel with an average breadth of a couple of miles. It is generally about twenty-four fathoms deep, without sandbanks, protected on each side by lofty mountains, and would form one of the finest harbours in the world, if the entrance were not dangerous in some winds. Persons who are familiar with Norwegian scenery declare that the Killary Bay would, if clothed with fir-trees, be an exact copy of one of the far-famed fjords of that northern land.

'A line-of-battle ship might anchor within a yard of either shore, so precipitous is the rise of the mountains.

‘ Forty years ago the then Lord Sligo built, on the shore of Lough Fin, a small house as a fishing-lodge, which he surrounded with trees, and gave it, owing to some fancied resemblance of the site to that of the ancient Temple, the name of Delphi. From Lough Fin we drove on, by the side of a river, to a small fishing village at its mouth, the which forms a miniature harbour in the Killary inlet. Here we embarked, intending to row to the mouth of the Killary. On our right, rising precipitously from the water’s edge, were the mountains of Murrisk, on our left those of Connemara. Before us were the twelve pins of Binabola, resembling in form and position the range of the *Ortler Spitz*, as seen from above *Mals*. The latter, indeed, are three times as high, but the effect of mountains depends more on their form than on their height above the sea.

‘ We were, soon after our start, attacked by a violent storm, against which we struggled for an hour, and then put back to the village of Bundaragha, whence we had embarked. A few

miles up the Killary, on the Murrisk side, is a Missionary establishment, which our hosts think is the cause of much mischief and ill-feeling.

“The Missionaries,” said H——n, “are violent and indiscreet. They treat the name of the Virgin with disrespect, call the Cross an ‘idolatrous emblem,’ and accuse the priests of brutal ignorance. A year ago, a Roman Catholic Station was held near Dhulough. The Missionaries distributed, over all the roads leading to it, printed papers abusing and insulting all that Roman Catholics most love and respect. I asked one of my people what the latter did with them. ‘Trode them under foot,’ he answered. ‘Shure, your honour wouldn’t stand by *quite* to hear yer own mother spoke bad of, let alone the Mother of God. The clairgy gave us the word not to be touching of them, but, bedad, if they hadn’t bid us lave ’em there, it isn’t we, yer honor, that would be demaning ourselves to read the like of such words.’ But the priests read them, and the result was,

to injure seriously our school, and, indeed, our Roman Catholic children generally, for they, by priestly orders, were all withdrawn. I went to 'Father Curley,' to expostulate with him on the subject. 'You know,' I said, 'there is no other school, and if you take the children away, they will grow up in perfect ignorance. And you also know, that we do not attempt to proselytize. I disapprove of the conduct of the Missionaries as much as you can do. I think it intolerant, illiberal, and stupid. But why, merely in order to spite them, punish the poor children?'

“‘I cannot help it,’ he answered, ‘I have permitted your school for a couple of years, against the orders of my Bishop. But this is too bad. I should be disgraced before my flock if I were not to resent it, and how can I show my resentment, except by taking the children from a school which is under the control of a Protestant patron? I cannot condescend to treat the Missionaries as they treat us, and call the Protestants ‘heathens,’ while, to say of Bishop Plunket what I think of *him*, is

what "I do not choose to do." We were driven down on the "long car" to the little harbour formed by the mouth of the Bunderagha river, and taken across the Killary in the yacht's gig. On the other side, we were in the mountainous district called Joyce's Country, and made our way towards Clifden.'

I have given, at full length, and in Mr. Senior's own words, this account of his visit to the West, partly because it is illustrative of his keen desire to obtain reliable evidence of *facts*, and in a great degree owing to my own wish that a correct idea may be formed of some of the circumstances which attended the depopulation, which, having originated in what is now known by the name of the 'great famine,' was, for motives which in many instances were not devoid either of wisdom, or of mercy, effectually continued.

I must confess, to my great discredit, that during my long residence in the Irish wilderness, I remained in a state of complete ignorance of

the causes, past as well as present, of the deep and, I fear, undying hatred towards the English, of the people amongst whom I sojourned. Of the history of the Country also, I was content to know as little as I did of that of Timbuctoo, and for this ignorance there was, in my case, no excuse. That it is almost universally shared by the English is a circumstance for which it is not difficult to account. There is little to be gained by an acquaintance, on the part of boys and girls, with the Past of a people who, although they inhabit an island so very near our own, have taken no part in European history, and are therefore, as a Nation, uninteresting, and virtually overlooked. The broad facts that the Irish are amongst those peoples whom the might of England has made subject races, and that they have again and again risen up in rebellion against their conquerors, are, of course, amongst those historical incidents of which every educated child is cognizant; *that*, however, is about the extent to which the insight of the English generally into Ireland's history is

carried, and *mine*, I repeat, did—till, comparatively speaking, very late years—extend no farther. It is reasonable to suppose that one so well read on every subject, and more especially in the matter of history, as was our agreeable guest, did not share in the almost universal ignorance to which I have been alluding, but be this as it may, I do not recollect that our conversations with him ever turned either upon the ‘Rights’ or ‘Wrongs’ of Ireland, or on the treatment of her by England for so many centuries, as a ‘conquered country,’ namely, with an iron hand, by which the people were kept down and coerced, instead of being gently led by Mercy’s touch to kindlier feelings towards their conquerors.

‘Not the king’s crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal’s truncheon, nor the judge’s robe ;
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.’

So wrote Shakespeare in the days when the ‘Virgin Queen’ his Patroness, was, with the aid of her ‘Lord-Lieutenants’ and Emissaries, fast depopulating, by means of ‘fire and sword,’ the

unfortunate island over which she ruled, 'sparing neither sex nor age,' and selling a hundred thousand Irish children as slaves to the planters in Virginia and the West Indies.*

Mr. Senior appeared to be interested as well as amused, by an anecdote having reference to Priestly influence, which, as we left Bundoragha (that village being the scene of action) I related to him. It was the habit of our dependants, seeing that medical help there was none, to send—in times of sickness—at any hour of the day or night, to *me*. The 'alarms' were more often 'false' than real, but on one occasion—that of a protracted 'confinement'—there had been required the constant attendance during eight-and-forty hours of the unlucky 'medicine woman,' the most arduous part of whose duty it was to keep out of the smoky, windowless cabin, the officious neighbours, 'auld hags' for the most part, whose groans and lamentations, mingled with prayers to the Holy and to the Saints for the recovery of the

Idle State Papers, relating to Irish affairs.

patient, could not have other than a depressing effect on the suffering woman, who, lying on what can only be, by courtesy, called a bed, listened with half-unconscious ears, and groaned in concert. The Irish, as a rule—marry—under the influence of the Priests (to whom a new household means half a dozen shillings more per year) when they are still in early girlhood, but my patient was—on this occasion—an exception to the rule, for she was grey-haired and wrinkled, her age being, however, still under forty, but daily and hard labour ‘in the bog’ (for the ‘saving’ of turf, together with the planting of the ‘praties,’ all falls to the lot of the Irish peasant-woman) ages them before their time, and thus it chanced that—

‘In wretchedness grown (prematurely) old,’

Biddy O'Donel was bringing forth her first-born child.

It is the custom of the country people in the West, to send, on the slightest symptom of illness for the Parish Priest. To this arrangement—seeing that *my* aid was only as a

secondary matter, called in—I very naturally objected, for, as Mr. Nassau Senior sensibly remarked, not only would ‘Father Pat’ or ‘Tom’—as the case might be—have the credit—if cure there were—of the ‘success,’ but I should, in all probability, be brought in contact with a man to whom, as a Saxon and a heretic, I was personally obnoxious, and who, ignoring *in toto* the fact that

All mankind's concern is charity.

strongly objected to my visits amongst the sick and suffering of his flock.

In the case of which I am writing, I was well aware that 'Father Pat,' had, in hot haste, been by the '*near frinds*' of the suffering woman summoned to her side, and equally certain was I that no stress of weather, no perils, either by land or by water, nor even the thick 'darkness which cometh by night,' and of which the Irish peasant class stand in such superstitious awe, ^{and} have the slightest effect in turning from the path of duty the 'father of his flock.' It may be allowed to call the

eleventh hour, and when the time had at last arrived when my trying watch would cease, and when the woman 'remembering' as the Scripture says, 'no more her anguish, would rejoice, for that a man was born into the world,' a cry arose outside that Father Pat was coming, and, in another moment, the Priest himself, looking dirty, coarse, and travel-stained, entered—without the preliminary ceremony of knocking—the already over-filled cabin.

He had scarcely, however, (and this was the provoking part of the business) uttered the few customary words of Blessing, when the faint, wailing cry of a newly-born infant was heard above the hush of whispering voices, and all present, with the exception of myself, the patient, and *le petit nouveau né*, fell incontinently on their knees.

'I suppose,' suggested our visitor, 'that although the people did not exactly shout 'a Miracle! a Miracle!' they none the less firmly believed that one had, by the Priest's agency, been wrought.'

‘Precisely,’ was my reply, ‘and so entire was their faith in “Father Pat’s” healing powers, that I almost expected them to fall down and worship him. As for me, the hours that I had passed in that unpleasant cabin, together with the attempts which I had made to encourage and to console the sufferer, were entirely overlooked and forgotten. It was the Priest’s coming that had saved the woman’s life, and had introduced yet another “little stranger” into an already overstocked and groaning world.’

‘The absence of medical assistance,’ began Mr. Senior, ‘appears to me one of the most crying evils to which these people are subject, and ——’

‘Pardon me for interrupting you,’ put in my husband, ‘but it is an error on our part to say that there are *no* doctors in the country, but when I add that, under the most favourable circumstances *help* cannot, until after the lapse of eight or nine hours, be procured, and that, only too frequently, when a *medico* does put in
 unce, he is either too ignorant or too

tipsy to be of use, I think that we are almost justified in saying that we are virtually doctorless.'

'But surely,' remarked our practical guest, 'you, who must pay such an enormous amount of rates and cess, have the right to claim the privilege of an efficient medical man within get-at-able reach of your house?'

'That,' I said, 'is precisely the remark which I once made to our landlord, and his answer was a question. "What do people do who emigrate to the backwoods?" I forbore to argue that the said emigrants were not subjected to the evils of cess and parochial rates, but I kept my own opinion, as well as my "unruly member" *still*.*'

A curious instance (namely, the following) of the extraordinary bigotry, as well as ignorance, of the Celtic peasantry, afforded also much amusement to our guests.

There exists in Connemara a class of aged

* Alas! the day or rather the *night* came, when I bitterly lamented that we had during so many years, submitted in patience to a mighty wrong.

crones, who, by travelling about the country for the purpose of recommending nostrums for the sick and wounded, do—when not prevented by authority—an immense amount of mischief. The sort of remedies which they are in the habit of prescribing, would scarcely be credited by the uninitiated, for truly they are sometimes of the most revolting kind, but, which is still worse, the penal offence—for such it is—of inoculating infants for small-pox, is often attempted by these dangerous women, who, inasmuch as they are ‘gossips,’ and not unfrequently ‘matchmakers,’ are always made welcome, in the cabins which they visit, to a ‘cup o’ tay’ and a night’s lodging.

The intense dislike to having their children vaccinated, which is noticeable in the Irish peasantry, is a source of gain to the ‘weird women,’ who trade upon their neighbours’ fears and prejudices, and, strange to say, the cause of this irrational prejudice against vaccination lies in a rooted belief that if the *virus* should enter the arm of a Protestant child,

the infant which had been inoculated with that same *virus*, would inevitably become a Protestant also !

‘Can superstition and ignorance be carried farther ?’ was Mr. Senior’s remark after he had rewarded this anecdote with the tribute of a smile. ‘And what can be said of a Church whose ministers encourage and foster, for her own ends, such ignorance as this ?’

We took leave with much regret of our agreeable friends. The companionship of a man whose stores of information are so vast as were those of Mr. Nassau Senior, would have been any and everywhere welcomed as a boon. Imagine, then, how greatly, in the Far West, we must have appreciated the passing advantage of his society !

Mr. Senior’s mind was of far too broad a kind for him to join in the ever-recurring and stereotyped abuse of the Irish, in which our countrymen and women (whilst not unfrequently adding a wish that they could all be drowned in the depths of the sea) so often in-

dulge. I confess to being wearied of hearing a people who 'have done the State some service in *their* day,' stigmatised as the 'idlest, the most ungrateful, the most lying, and the most rebellious people under the sun.' The picture, taken as a general one—may not perhaps, be greatly overcharged. Our neighbours are, perhaps a 'bad lot,' but then, what, save Centuries of bad government, has made them so? The Bible says, 'Parents, provoke not your children to wrath, lest they be discouraged,' and then, how very many amongst us, let us remember, are bad for want of encouragement to be good!

And now, having brought, by misrule and worse than folly, the Irish people into this condition of—let us call it, in the words of Scripture—'discouragement,' what—for that is the burning question of the day—is to be done with them? From the fact, that within the last eighty years there have passed in Parliament at intervals, fifty-eight Coercion Bills abundantly clear that the

‘Union,’ so vehemently opposed by Lord Plunket, and by those who were the best judges of Ireland’s requirements, and of the character of her people, has proved anything but a successful measure. From the date of her possessing no Parliament of her own, her prosperity, has rapidly decreased, whilst her feelings of hostility against England, have become year by year more marked. In the name, then, of common-sense, and also of mercy, let them govern themselves! Let them have, not a ‘home’ Parliament, perhaps, but *Courts*, as is the case in the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man, in which affairs that have solely to do with Irish matters can be settled. Nothing short of this concession will now satisfy and tranquillize Ireland. Some forty years ago, at the period, say, of the ‘great famine,’ other, and less stringent measures might have been, perhaps, beneficially resorted to. The famine had ‘taken the heart’—as the country-people say—not only out of *them*, but out of the Landlords, who had also had some experience of what privation is, and their faces might not have

been, then, so steadfastly set—as they were when they threw out the ‘Compensation for Disturbance Bill’—against any measures calculated to improve the condition of their poorer brethren. At that time, too, it would have been, as I then lifted up my far too feeble voice to point out, an incalculable advantage could a Tunnel between the Scotch and the Irish coasts have been made. The Irish Channel is, and ever has been, the main cause of Irish discontent and difficulty, and if the two Islands had been, long ago, made virtually one, even the *feelings* towards England of the Celtic people would, in my opinion, ere this, have been sensibly modified. Tens of thousands of pounds were thrown away during the famine, in utterly useless ‘relief works,’ and if the sums thus wasted had been expended in the manner I have indicated, there would not, in my opinion, have existed, as is the case now, an amount of crime, distress, and outrage, such as have never before sullied the annals of the Irish peasantry.

‘Let brotherly love continue,’ saith the Scriptures, the which sentence I venture to parody by the words, ‘Let *sisterly* hatred cease.’ That hatred has, however, been on both sides so intensified by recent events, that I doubt much whether even the joining together of the two Islands would have any present effect in lessening it. Nevertheless, a project, which by some strange want of perception has never entered into the heads of our leading men, and that cannot fail to benefit both Countries, will, it is to be hoped, at some future time be carried out.

I must not forget, in my records of remarkable men, to allude in a very brief fashion to my slight acquaintance with the well-known Archbishop of Tuam, better known in Ireland by his *sobriquet* of ‘John of Tuam.’ He once paid a visit, accompanied by a staff of six priests, to Dhulough, his object being to declare that unless we would consent to the putting up of ‘emblems’ in our private school, he would allow no Roman Catholic children to attend it. In vain did I assure him that the teaching in my school was

entirely secular, and equally useless was it to inform the obstinate, autocratic old man that if Roman Catholic 'emblems' *were* to be placed on the walls, the children of Presbyterian parents, who were in a majority, and for whose benefit the school was set on foot, would be at once removed. He would listen to no compromise, and went his way in dudgeon. A week later the Roman Catholic parents received orders from their priest not to send their little ones to my school. Great regret was felt at this command, for the Irish do not yield even to the Scotch in their eager desire for the education of their children.

The Archbishop had, I believe, at that time attained his eightieth year, but he was still strong and hale, and betrayed no signs of any diminution in the strength of the especially Irish quality—namely, that of pugnacity—for which he had during his long life been famous. Having done battle continuously, and not always without a certain amount of *kudos*, with the sacred head of his Church, I hardly felt surprised at the extreme deference, amounting

almost to reverential awe, with which the attendant priests appeared to regard their autocrat. 'John of Tuam' was a distinguished classical scholar, and was in many respects formed by nature to be a 'leader of men.' He had never, he told me, visited that portion of his Diocese before, and it was fair to conclude that, but for his fear—a wholly un-called-for one—that in those wild districts there existed danger that the souls of the 'faithful' would be tampered with, he would have gone to his grave without permitting the 'mountain men' of the Wild West to see, amidst their miserable homes, the light of his countenance. We shook hands in parting, whilst I inly regretted that I had lacked moral courage to inform his 'grace' that, the school-house being private property, he had no more right to enter therein, or to interfere with it, than he had to beard his Holiness in the Eternal City, whence Edicts so destructive to the good of the Irish people are, with theocratic tyranny, far too often promulgated.

CHAPTER. V.

Lord Nelson.—Lady Hamilton.—Sir Francis Bourgeois.

I HAVE in these pages hitherto adhered with tolerable closeness to the rule (one which from the beginning I laid down) of writing from personal recollections only. The only instance of my having as yet deviated from this resolve has been in the case of a short anecdote related by my brother ; and now, for the reason that the singularly retentive memory of my mother enabled her, by the vividness of her word-painting, to convey to me a life-like impression of England's greatest naval hero, I venture to give the reader, word for word, *her* 'Memories of Lord Nelson.'

Amongst the many and striking instances of

the enthusiastic and, as indeed it might almost be called, the blindly worshipping feeling which Lord Nelson's victories had awakened in the breasts of the English people, one of the most remarkable was the manner in which Lady Hamilton was, for his sake, welcomed in society, sharing, as it were, in the homage which was to *him* everywhere spontaneously paid, and causing the world to, in appearance at least, forget the more than doubtful position in which, as regarded the hero of many fights, that remarkable and very beautiful woman was well content to be placed.

It was in the summer of 1802 when Lord Nelson, accompanied by Sir William and Lady Hamilton, arrived at Swansea — a kind of triumphal march, beginning at Oxford, where the Admiral was created honorary Doctor of Laws, having preceded the entrance into the principality of the distinguished trio in question. My grandfather, Sir John Morris, was then living at Clasemont, a family 'place' beautifully situated at a few miles' distance from

Neath, and commanding a view not only of the town, but of Swansea Bay and the exquisite Margam woods, which stretch down to the waters. There is, alas ! no such prospect now, for coal and copper smoke have effectually done their work. Clasemont, when even the fine old trees surrounding the house began to show, owing to the all-poisoning vapour, signs of decay, was abandoned as a residence, and no trace now remains of the tenement in which Lord Nelson, together with his travelling companions, remained for several days as an honoured and thrice-welcome guest.

According to my mother's description of the beautiful, low-born woman, whose extraordinary influence over the greatest Naval Commander of any age or country gave occasion for the only blot which ever besmirched his fame, Lady Hamilton was at that time, if not exactly 'a mountain of flesh,' at least in a fair way of soon attaining an inconvenient, as well as unbecoming, amount of *embonpoint*. Her face was however—
st have been from earliest youth—mar-

vellously lovely, and the absence of grace and 'shape' in the form, which 'resembled a feather-bed with a sash tied round it,' was forgotten, whilst gazing at the perfection of the white arms that were bared to the shoulder, and at the brightness of the syren's countenance, and the exquisite softness of her eyes.

Lord Nelson, far from appearing desirous of concealing, either from Sir William Hamilton or from the spectators generally, the amount of his devotion, appeared to glory in his infatuation for the woman who had 'made his manhood' (in her regard) so deplorably, and even degradingly, 'weak.' She had a charming voice, and whilst she, as was her wont after dinner, accompanied her songs on the harp which formed part of the travelling paraphernalia, Lord Nelson hung over her chair as one entranced, and evidently took not the slightest interest in any-existent thing, save her, and her alone. And a like absorption was apparent when Lady Hamilton, who had no

talent whatever for silence, chattered away in lively fashion on every subject under the sun. But for certain memories of no distant date, which told a different tale, the impression left behind her in my grandfather's household would have been that Lord Nelson's cherished friend was one of the kindest and most tender-hearted of her sex, but it could not be forgotten that she refused her aid in saving the life of the ill-fated Prince Caraccioli, rejecting even his entreaty that she would use her influence (which was known to be supreme at the Neapolitan Court) to have his death punishment carried out by *shooting*, rather than by the hangman's rope ! Nor was this all ; the lovely smiling creature, on whom the adoring eyes of the man who had weakly helped to carry out her purpose were admiringly fixed, had assisted remorselessly at the execution of her victim ! She had *seen*, with her own eyes, Prince Caraccioli dangling lifeless from the gibbet, and if his body had risen from its ocean-bed to silently reproach *her* with cruelty and hardness of heart, the shock which such a

spectacle must have given her would have been well deserved.

My mother described Lord Nelson as insignificant and frail in appearance, and as taking but little part in general conversation. The personal vanity of the man was, however, very apparent, and he more than once repeated the boast, one which is not, I fear, strictly borne out by facts, that ‘whenever British soldiers have been opposed to those of France, the former have invariably been the conquerors.’

Through the kindness of Madame A. Barrot, the daughter of Admiral Manby, and whose husband was formerly Ambassador from France to the Neapolitan Court, I have received some interesting information regarding Lady Hamilton, whose connection with Lord Nelson, and her influence over him, must always cause her memory to retain its hold upon the imaginations of the English people. Writing of Naples, Madame Barrot says : ‘The Prussian Minister was a particular friend of ours, and we were often at his house, which he told us was, in

former days, the residence of Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and that Lord Nelson stayed there when he came to Naples. Our friend used to say, "If walls could speak, how much *these* could relate of the great hero, and of that dangerous woman into whose hands he fell." The English Minister at Naples was much interested with the account I had received from Kate, about Lady Hamilton, as all knew she had been in Norfolk, and Lord Nelson also. One thing which is not in Kate's* letter, and which she told me verbally the last time I went to see her, is the following. She said Lady Hamilton's extravagance in her dress was very great, and that she had never forgotten, after dinner, when the ladies went to the drawing-room, Lady Hamilton lifting up her dress and showing the Valenciennes lace at the bottom of her petticoat

* Miss Catherine Langham, a near relative of Madame Adolphe Barrot's. She lived at Northwold, Norfolk, and met Lady Hamilton at the house of Admiral Manby, one of Nelson's famous captains. By Madame Barrot's kindness, I am enabled to copy *verbatim* the extract of her cousin's letter.

and *chemise*, and saying it cost five guineas the yard. Some years ago, I went to see some pictures exposed for sale, and amongst them was a beautiful oil portrait of Lady Hamilton, painted by Madame Lebrun. The picture was much admired and quite lovely.'

In Madame Lebrun's own memoirs, she mentions having painted Lady Hamilton's portrait whilst she (Madame Lebrun) was staying at Sir William's house in Naples. The latter's shabby conduct as regarded payment for the work is also—by the artist—slightly commented on. The circumstances attending Sir William's first meeting with Emma Harte are involved in obscurity, but that she was both the mistress and the model of the painter Romney, is now, I believe, accepted as a fact; indeed, it is highly probable that she derived from her early association with artist life, many of the improvident tastes and habits which afterwards marked her career.

The following is the extract from Miss Langham's letter, to which the foot-note refers,

and which was written some thirty years ago to Madame Adolphe Barrot :—

‘February, 1853.

‘MY DEAREST G——

‘You ask me my recollections of Lady Hamilton. So many years have elapsed since I saw her, that I fear they will be very imperfect. Lord Nelson, whose family I knew well, died in 1805, and, therefore, had been dead eight or ten years before I saw that extraordinary woman, which must have been in 1813 or 1815. She was then staying at Cranwick, near Brandon, with Mrs. Bolton, sister of Lord Nelson, accompanied by her adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson. Your father felt himself obliged, as an old friend of Lord Nelson’s, to call upon her ladyship, and she invited herself to dine at his house. She came, attended by several members of the Bolton family, whom your father had invited to meet her, and also her young *protegée*. I was of that party, and was much struck with Lady Hamilton’s appearance. I should call her, at

that time, a magnificent-looking woman. She was dressed in a bright blue satin or silk gown. On her head she wore a Highland cap, of the same colour, with a plume of feathers to match. This dress was very becoming, as it gave her height, which she wanted, being *very* large. She had remarkably fine grey eyes, and rather an oval face ; altogether, she was a Minerva-looking woman, with a splendid voice, which she exerted most good-naturedly for our amusement, singing many songs, one of which was that very beautiful one, of which the beginning is—

‘ “ Friend of my soul, this goblet sip,
 ’Twill chase thy pensive tear,
 ’Tis not so sweet as woman’s lip,
 But oh, ’tis more sincere !”

‘ She also made Horatia repeat some verses upon the death of Lord Nelson, the little girl calling him, in them, her father. When the party broke up, Lady Hamilton most pressingly invited us all to dine at Cranwick a few days after. I was very pleased at being invited, for I was then very young ; yet I could not help

saying to myself, even when I most admired her, "I am certain she is not a good woman." However, we all went, and there was a large party at Mr. Bolton's. I do not recollect the names of all present, but amongst the number was Mr. Bolton, afterwards Earl Nelson, Lady Bolton, his sister, the Miss Boltons, the Reverend Mr. Girdlestone, who afterwards married Miss Eliza Bolton, Lord Berners, your father, etc., etc. Lady Hamilton was handsomely dressed, but not becomingly, in a blonde gown over white satin. She wore a dark brown wig—it was a curled crop—with a wreath composed of small bunches of grapes, with some other fruit ; and what with her short, fat figure, red face, and head-dress, I could' only compare her to Bacchus. She was exceedingly civil to me, placed me near her at dinner, and addressed much of her conversation to me. She held forth a great deal about Lord Nelson, saying that his honour and glory were everything to her.

“And he,” added her ladyship, “never for-

got me, for, at the taking of some place (I forget which), he entered a shop, and taking a casket, told one of his sailors to deliver it to Emma. 'And tell her,' he said, 'that in the middle of danger I thought of her!' He often said that if there were more Emmas there would be more Nelsons." After this she sang "God save the King," with an additional verse I never heard before or since, and which was, by some, thought to be a composition of her own :

"A prostrate people see,
Who, with one voice to Thee,
Pray for their King!
Oh God! relieve our fears,
Restore his health and years,
And to a people's tears,
Give back their king."

'This she sang so touchingly that there was not a dry eye in the whole circle. You will understand that it was during the illness of our good old King George the Third.

'In the evening Lady Hamilton introduced, for us young people, many amusing games. She herself sat apart with your father in private

conversation, during which she called to Horatia, and sent her for some miniatures from her dressing-case. The child brought them in the skirt of her frock, shaking them jumbly together, for which Lady Hamilton reproved her. No one saw the miniatures but Admiral Manby, but I was told they were those of Horatia's parents. I do not believe that the child was Lady Hamilton's daughter—her features struck me as unlike those of an English girl. This is all I can tell you, from my personal knowledge, of this too celebrated woman, but some years after this I heard that Lady Hamilton died in a French prison, in which she was confined for debt, the little girl having been at that time with her, and that Mrs. Matchet brought the child, in a state of great destitution, from France. I also remember hearing that when Lady Hamilton came on the visit I have recorded to Mrs. Bolton's family, your father, being a married man, did not show any disposition to call immediately upon her. This greatly
her ladyship, and meeting him one

day when she was driving, she stopped her carriage, and summoning the Admiral to her side, said :

“ You are the first friend of Lord Nelson’s who has not called on me since I have been in this neighbourhood, and I consider that you are most unkind.”

‘ Your father excused himself as best he could, and afterwards invited her, as I have said, to dine at his house.

‘ C. LANGHAM.’

The ‘ Horatia ’ alluded to in this letter died in March, 1881, and the following notice regarding her appeared after her death, in the *Times* newspaper :

‘ The deceased, Mrs. Horatia Nelson Ward, was Lady Hamilton’s little daughter Horatia, the same whom her reputed father, Lord Nelson, bequeathed with his dying breath to the care of his country. Born in the last year of the last century, she spent her infancy and childhood at Merton. In the garden of Lady

Hamilton's villa in that place there was a little streamlet which she called "the Nile," and also a pond dammed up, and crossed by a rustic bridge—the banks of this pond being the little child's playing-ground. Lady Hamilton continued to live at Merton for three years after Nelson's death, but pecuniary difficulties overtook her, and she went with the child abroad, dying ultimately in France in great poverty. Her daughter, Horatia, married the Rev. Philip Ward, sometime Vicar of Tenterden, Kent, and was left his widow about twenty years ago.'

In this 'notice,' the parentage of the deceased lady is, on both sides, alluded to—not hypothetically, but as an established fact—and probabilities are certainly in favour of the *Times* being right in its conjecture. One circumstance, however, must be borne in mind, namely, that to the day of Sir W. Hamilton's death, which happened in 1803, he remained with Lord Nelson on the most intimate terms of
p and esteem. Lady Hamilton—the

‘Emma Harte’ whose beauty and whose intellectual gifts combined, raised her to a station for which neither her birth nor her education in the slightest degree fitted her—died in almost want, neglected and forlorn. *Paupertas fugitar, totoque arcessitur orbe*, and it is frequently a very safe indulgence of the fancy to besmirch the memory of the dead. The good name, also, of the ‘Hero of a hundred fights’ ought, methinks, to have been sacred from attacks. If Lord Nelson were the father of ‘Emma’s’ child, he was a dishonoured man, in that he deceived the friend who, to the last, loved and trusted him.

In the belief that any circumstances, however trivial they may appear, and however distantly connected they may be with the life and history of a man so justly venerated as Lord Nelson, must be interesting to the reader, I have dwelt somewhat at length on the peculiarities and weaknesses of the woman whose influence over him was as extraordinary as it was regrettable. And it is for the same reason—

namely, my conviction that any information regarding such national property as is, from its very nature, a source of national pride, must be a subject of public interest—that I am induced to again call upon what I may be allowed to designate as ‘inherited memory,’ in order to, in some degree, throw a light upon the early history of the valuable collection of pictures known as the ‘Dulwich Gallery,’ and bequeathed to the Nation by Sir Francis Bourgeois.

The locality known as Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, is not, as will readily be admitted, an inviting one. Although it is situated in the immediate neighbourhood of some of the busiest parts of London, there is an absence of ‘life’ in the street itself which to an observant passer-by can hardly fail to be apparent. It is probable that even in the days—a century and a half ago—when Bloomsbury Square, then a fashionable part of London, contained the residences of the Duke of Bedford and of the Lords Chesterfield and Northampton, the houses in Charlotte

Street were never occupied by any persons of higher degree than the untitled 'gentlefolks' of the period. In Great Russell Street, however, which is near by, it is known that the famous portrait painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller, at one time sojourned ; and it has sometimes occurred to me to wonder whether, during the period of his location there, he had any knowledge or suspicion of the fact that within what may almost be called a stone's-throw of his house stood one, in which there were pictures of such extraordinary value, that, in the days that were to come, they formed in themselves alone a Gallery precious beyond price.

The pictures to which I refer, and that are now world-known as the Dulwich Collection, were, some eighty years ago, stored in a big old gloomy house in Charlotte Street, the said house, together with the pictures it contained, being the property of one *Monsieur Desenfans*, sometime Consul for Poland, and the uncle-in-law of my mother. Many and many a time has the latter described to me in graphic language

the interior, as she saw it in early girlhood, of that wonderful house. I could gather from what she has told me, that the marriage of her aunt to M. Desenfans was not approved of by her family. Over his birth and parentage a certain degree of mystery appears to have hung, the prevailing idea being that he was of Israelitish extraction, and, as in the days of which I write, neither Jews nor Jesuits were, in England, viewed with so much favour as, in the nineteenth century is the case, the suspicion under which the ex-Consul lay did not tend to the increase of kindly feelings towards him. He was, moreover, by my mother's account, by no means remarkable for personal cleanliness, and was penurious in the extreme. The house in Charlotte Street, where he and his childless wife habitually lived, was literally, as it would appear, *crammed*, from cellar to garret, with pictures. On the walls, and *against* the walls, and in many instances three or four deep, they reposed in friendly contact. The narrow passages were lined with them, and even the

doors were not free from the incumbrance of works of Art, thickly coated with dust, and of the value of which, a child of some dozen years of age had, as was only natural, not the remotest notion.

The old house, silent and gloomy of aspect, evidently had for my mother a morbid species of attraction. The only inhabitants thereof were the elderly couple who owned it, and a female servant, who, when she did emerge from the lower regions where her days and nights were passed, might have vied with her employers in shabbiness of attire, and evident neglect of soap and water. The contrast of this singular habitation with the 'family mansion' in Portman Square, to which, year after year, my grandfather migrated with his belongings (the which migration from his seat in South Wales occupied no less a time than fourteen days), must, I think, have constituted in my mother's eyes its greatest charm, for when she *could* obtain permission to spend a long day in Charlotte Street, that dearly-prized thing, *liber* —she

felt—hers to enjoy. Unrestricted, she could roam at will amongst the mimic figures—ghost-like, many of them—in their uncertain outlines ; but there was one, the semblance of a dark, laughing boy, with teeth of dazzling whiteness, which smiled down at her from the canvas, and seemed to her childish imagination to be almost endowed with life. How little did she imagine, whilst holding forth to a certain dear old *Abbé Sejan* (who, having emigrated from France during the Reign of Terror, had found a home for life, as tutor, in my grandfather's family) on the ugliness and 'fun' of the dark-eyed boy in Charlotte Street, that his portrait was one of the priceless Murillos, which, in the days that were to come, would be classed amongst the most precious gems in a Gallery where all was more or less rare and valuable.

It is certain that, if the *Abbé Sejan*, who had in his younger days lived amongst Art critics, and could appreciate the beauties of painting and of sculpture, had ever, as was the case with his little friend and pupil, wandered

through those dingy rooms, and made himself in any degree acquainted with their contents, he could not have remained in ignorance in regard to the enormous value of the Collection, but from what I have gathered in later years from my uncles, the *Abbé*, being a man of delicacy and refinement, shrank with a considerable amount of distaste from entering a house which was not only remarkable for its dirt and slovenliness, but the owner of which was surrounded by a veil of mystery from which the well-bred Frenchman augured no good.

At last the mystery was, owing to the death of Monsieur Desenfans, explained. He had secretly, and without incurring any suspicion of the vast value of his hidden treasures, been for many years occupied in accumulating them, and at his death he left the entire Collection to Sir Francis Bourgeois, a painter of some merit, and generally supposed to be the testator's natural son. By the latter they were bequeathed to the country, this disposition of his

valuable property having been made, as some have suggested, in deference to a wish expressed before his death by Monsieur Desenfans, whose claim to be obeyed was probably incontestable.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Harrison Ainsworth.—His sympathy under a loss.

MY acquaintance with the late Mr. Harrison Ainsworth is so nearly connected with the publication of my first novel, to which I gave the title of 'Recommended to Mercy,' that I hope to stand excused (seeing that I am enabled to transcribe several letters on the subject which were by the kind-hearted novelist from time to time addressed to me) for entering somewhat at large into the causes which induced me to devote a portion of my time and thoughts to the unsatisfactory pursuit of fiction-writing. The condition of a class so sadly, and, it is to be feared, so hopelessly numerous, of my own sex, who, having once 'fallen,' can never, for social reasons, and despite the teaching and

example of a merciful Saviour, thenceforth, strive as they may for rehabilitation, 'stand upright'—had for a long time engaged my pity. And not alone my pity, for the evil set me thinking on the various modes by which the charity which 'suffereth long and is *kind*' might be aroused in the breasts of those who, possibly with the best intentions, discourage rather than they aid the efforts of such repentant sinners as 'desire earnestly' to forsake their ways and to return to a better life. 'Abundant pardon' is offered by the God who 'is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity' to those remorseful ones, but with erring human beings the case is widely different, for they (a large proportion of them having probably been, happily for themselves, not thrown in the way of temptation) are greatly given to the grievous sin of turning a cold and disdainful shoulder to the 'bruised reed,' which a beneficent God, 'from whom no secrets are hid,' and in whose hands are the issues of life and death, has *promised* that He 'will not break.'

* e excuse for the normal mercilessness of

women towards their repentant sisters, it has been urged that, whilst cognizant of the 'sin committed,' they are ignorant of the 'temptations' that may have been resisted, and as in this apology there is perhaps some show of reason, I bethought me of one instance amongst several with which, whilst working anonymously in the cause, I had become acquainted, and I forthwith decided to put, in the hope of softening the hearts of the overstrict, my experiences upon paper.

The extreme solitude of my life in Ireland, and the growing ill effect upon the nerves of the long days of almost utter loneliness, which for many a year it was (in the heart of the Mayo Mountains) my portion to endure, rendered steady mental effort a physical necessity, of which I soon perceived the importance. It was under these circumstances that 'Recommended to Mercy' was written, and, in about four months, completed; but then came the difficulty, which proved a well-nigh insuperable one, of finding a publisher! I was not at that time so well aware

as I have since become of the very up-hill work which, to beginners, the launching of a first book upon the literary world generally is. In such cases, both publishers and their *readers* are naturally, and, indeed, almost of necessity, cautious ; one of the few exceptions to the rule being that of a work which bears on its title-page the name of a person either of *rank*, or of highly fashionable repute, for 'flunkeyism' is to the full as rife in this our nineteenth century as it was when Pope, after alluding to the neglect which is the portion of unworld-known and humble poets, thus sarcastically wrote :—

' But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens, how the style refines.'

That *I* should have entirely failed in obtaining, upon any terms, a publisher for my novel, is not surprising, seeing that there was another, and a still bigger stumbling-block even than that of my being unknown to fame, in the way of eventual success. The subject of the book was

against it! Such topics as I had ventured to touch upon were not such as should be presented before eyes polite, and more than one publisher hinted to me the awful truth, that Mr. Mudie, knowing the character of the book, and that it was one which careful mothers would not permit their daughters to read, would probably object to taking even a single copy of the 'tabooed' production.

It was at this crisis, and whilst I was beginning to despair of obtaining my end—namely, the disseminating of my peculiar views on a subject which so deeply interested me—that Mr. Ainsworth, to whom I had shown a portion of the manuscript, came to the rescue, and, by giving me much useful advice, enabled me to eventually attain my object. The following is an extract from a letter which he at that time wrote to me, and as it enters into details on a subject previously broached, and which may be interesting to the reader, I here transcribe :

'I feel so confident of the success of the

book, that I strongly advise you to publish it on your own account. The printer would, as a matter of course, take a bill in payment—that is to say, if it should not suit your convenience to pay ready money for his share of the work. You would have to employ some respectable and well-known Firm to undertake the publishing of the novel on commission. They would receive a specified amount of per-centage on the sales, and I think it very probable that Messrs. — and — would willingly enter into an agreement with you in the matter. The *real* head of the house is Mr. —, and from what I hear of the Firm, it is doing good business under its present managers. Wishing you every success, I remain

‘Yours truly,

‘W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.’

Taking compassion on my ignorance (for, in matters relating to business, I was, in truth, ‘less learned than a daw’), Mr. Ainsworth impressed upon my mind the advisableness of keeping the

details of publishing expenses entirely apart from any arrangements regarding the *sale* of the work, which I might see fit to conclude with the publishing agents thereof.

‘Make a contract with your printer,’ said he, ‘and pay your binder and your advertising accounts, yourself. Twenty per cent. on the sales will, I imagine, be the bargain that you will make with the — Street firm, and I think I may safely say that if you carry out this plan to the letter, you will avoid risks, and, what is almost as bad, the chances of misunderstandings with the persons who have been engaged in carrying out your wishes.’

Good advice, doubtless, but neither so wise nor so far-seeing, as certain counsels which, on a former occasion I received from a ‘high and *puissant* nobleman,’ who, judging from after events, must have been more alive to the ‘tricks’ which, in every ‘trade,’ from the highest to the lowest, are daily practised, than was the kind-hearted author of ‘Jack Sheppard’ and the ‘Tower of London.’

The adviser, to whom I refer, was no less a person than the late Duke of Westminster—at that time Lord Grosvenor—whose schooner-yacht *Dolphin* had been purchased of him by my husband, and in which vessel we had undertaken a cruise to the West Indies, the Gulf of Mexico, etc. Our absence from England lasted about nine months, and, on the return of the Yacht to Greenwich, Lord Grosvenor—moved thereto, I conclude, by a lingering interest in the Craft which had once called him owner—lost no time in paying us a visit on board.

Lord Grosvenor's experience of the *Dolphin's* sailing powers had been gained during a winter which he and his family had spent on board of her in the quieter waters of the Mediterranean Sea. After their return, Lady Grosvenor published an interesting account of the life, both on board and on shore, which her party had led, and one of the first remarks made to me by Lord Grosvenor touched on the question of whether or not I intended to follow his wife's lead and present to the reading public a

record of our voyage. My reply, if I remember rightly, was to the effect that I had kept no diary of my adventures, but that it was very possible, taking into consideration that a portion of the American Continent which we had visited was, as yet, comparatively little known to Europeans, I might be induced to draw, with a view to publication, upon my memory for any facts connected with the voyage which might be deemed worthy of mention.

Lord Grosvenor's response to this admission was both characteristic and sensible.

'Take my advice,' he said, 'and if you publish an account of your voyage, sell every copy of the book yourself. I did so in the case of Lady Grosvenor's Cruise. The whole edition was sent, by my orders, to Eaton, and I sold them myself, as the orders of purchasers were sent in.'

This kindly-meant counsel, we were either not wise enough, or were too much wanting in energy, to follow. Both my husband and I erred, perhaps, on the side of over-trustfulness.

Suspicion is, to my thinking, one of the most burdensome weights to carry, which the human mind is capable of inflicting on itself, and as it did not happen to be one which we were inclined to take up, we quietly pursued the path that seemed so safe and smooth. Should the reader have patience to follow this little story to the end, he will read in the sequel how much reason we had to regret that the timely warning given by Lord Grosvenor was bestowed upon us in vain.

It was after the fashion advocated by Mr. Ainsworth, that my first novel—*i.e.*, 'Recommended to Mercy'—saw the light, and the earliest of my friends to congratulate me, in that the book had not proved a failure, was the one who had pointed out the way in which I might probably achieve success. In the very kind letter which (soon after the slight 'puffing up' which the perusal of some rather encouraging notices had wrought upon me) I received from him, he was so good as to offer me the following excellent counsel—counsel the which,

if I had laid it to heart and followed it, I should have acted wisely.

‘You can now,’ Mr. Ainsworth wrote, ‘feel yourself, to a certain degree, independent of literary criticism, but allow me to entreat of you not to be led into the too common error of writing in haste. Believe me that “repentance at leisure” is very apt to follow on what I must not be so impertinent as to call the scribbling mania, for nothing can be more certain than the truth, that “what is done in a hurry is rarely well done.” The advice which Dryden wrote to poets is equally applicable to novelists :

‘ “Take time for thinking, never work in haste,
And value not yourself for writing fast;”

and therefore it is that even at the risk of being thought presuming, I venture to remind you of the valuable truism which I have just quoted.’

My gratitude to my kind adviser was not, I regret to say, equalled by my self-command, and one of the causes—the chief one indeed—which led, in the first instance, to my becoming a novel writer, operating against me still, I again put pen

to paper, and with imprudent celerity, produced a second Novel, which, in spite of very serious faults, ran, in a short space of time, through two editions. On looking back—with perceptions quickened by experience—through ‘the vista of years,’ I can plainly see that the extraordinary isolation in which I lived (that isolation being the exciting cause of the *cacoethes scribendi* under which I was suffering) induced not only an almost morbid dwelling upon Crime itself, but on the means which might—in order to check the evil propensities of the young—be, with possibly good effect, resorted to. The murder by Constance Kent of her young brother was at that time a tragedy which greatly occupied the public, and with the best intentions I founded upon that tale of horror, a Novel, which—although it ‘sold well’—met, as it deserved to do, a considerable amount of castigation at the hands of the Press.

The Firm which had originally published for me on commission, continued to act for me in the same capacity, and very proud was I, when

the sum realized by me on account of my feeble lucubrations, amounted to the goodly total of four hundred pounds. This sum was left—seeing that the ‘house’ was so ‘thoroughly respectable’ and highly considered—in the hands of Messrs. — and —, nor, until the receipt by me of the following letter from Mr. Ainsworth, was the slightest doubt of their *unsubstantialness* whispered in our hearing.

‘It having been partly owing to suggestions of mine that you became acquainted with the Firm of Publishers, who are still, I believe, acting for you, it is with very great regret, that I send you a note of warning, which may, or may not, be in your case necessary or advisable to act upon. I have just heard it whispered, but pray remember that the hint I am giving you is strictly private, that the Publishers, who have your works in their hands, and who have hitherto been considered one of the most solid in London, are, as regards their business affairs, in a somewhat precarious and

shaky condition. There may, 'or may not, be truth in the rumour, but I have thought it best to give you early intelligence that such a report is in circulation. I hear, with pleasure, that you are soon coming to England. The existence which you lead in a country which it would appear is only congenial to black-faced sheep and Highland cattle, can scarcely be a lively one, and besides, it were well to keep your eye upon the —— Street people. I met your father at dinner the other day, and thought him looking well and flourishing. He is, in truth, a wonderful man, for his head is as clear, and his heart as warm, as they must have been at twenty-five.

‘Ever yours truly,

‘W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.’

At the time when this warning was given to us, the Firm in question were—as I before said—in my debt to the amount of £400. To many—even though they might not happen to be millionaires of the type of Earl Grosvenor

and his kind—the sum would doubtless appear a poor little affair enough ; in my eyes, however, the possession thereof (for as mine own I already considered those precious hundreds to be) was a matter of great moment. The money was my very own, for with the proceeds of my first Novel's sale, I had paid every debt incurred for its publication, and I now—in imagination at least—gloated over my wealth, as a miser might do over his hoarded stores.

I recollected, as I called to mind—not once but often—the fact that I had earned the money by my own exertions alone, a remark which that gifted Authoress, Mrs. Archer Clive—once—upon this self-same subject, made to me. Amongst her other admirable qualities, those of entire frankness and simplicity were pre-eminent. Striking as was the talent displayed in her novel of 'Paul Ferroll,' the sum which the authoress received for it was ridiculously small. In this respect, it but shared the fate of many *first* works, the which, having been rejected by unenterprising publishers, have

afterwards, 'on their own hook,' made their way in triumph to the goal their writers aimed at, and Mrs. Clive did not hesitate to make public the very trifling amount for which she had parted with her MSS. 'But,' added she, 'my joy in receiving those few pounds, and the feeling that I had coined them out of my brain was a sensation that I shall not easily forget. No amount of money, accruing to me in any other way, could have afforded me half the amount of pride and happiness, as did the first small sum which I had in this way earned myself.'

It was with a feeling of exultation akin to that described by the deeply regretted authoress of 'Paul Ferroll,' that I reflected upon my precious gains, nor had even the hint given by Mr. Ainsworth that my little store might possibly be in danger, given me any serious alarm. I was ignorant as a child of business, and, moreover, one in whose judgment and knowledge of the world I placed much reliance, had given—in authoritative fashion—his opinion that there was no reason to be afraid.

And yet, I was, perhaps, in some slight degree, dissatisfied, for on one eventful morning I took—as the French saying is—my courage in my two hands, and in his ‘business room,’ boldly inquired of the gentlemanlike and persuasive member of the very firm with whom I habitually had to do, how the novel was selling.

‘Very well,’ was the reply, ‘only, a few more pounds—say twenty—would be advantageously spent in further advertising. It is always advisable to keep well before the public, and if you can let me have the money——’

‘But, I can’t!’ I truthfully exclaimed. ‘If you could make it convenient to pay *me*,’ I ventured to suggest, ‘you should have the twenty pounds at once to continue advertising the book!’

My companion was silent for a moment or two, and then said, ‘I will give you a bill at six months, which, of course, your banker will discount, and that will make it all right.’

The idea was a charming one. Difficulties were—as if by magic—cleared away, and I sped

with a light heart, and with the precious 'bill' in my pocket, to the Strand. And, there again, I found that the path before me was delightfully smooth, for, in lieu of a worthless-looking scrap of paper, four hundred pounds in notes and gold were, without question asked, at once handed to me ! With this precious possession in my hands, I sped back to —— Street, and after presenting Mr. —— with twenty glittering sovereigns, I begged him to remember, that it was in the *Times* and the *Saturday Review* that I was most desirous of having inserted a reminder of my performance. I then with a light heart returned to the place from whence I came.

On looking back, after the lapse of many years at this, to me, memorable transaction, I am of opinion, that for the dull simplicity, and utter, unreasoning trustfulness, which I then evinced, I deserved to suffer. Such, however, was far from being my opinion, when, on the very morning following that on which I had —brimful of satisfaction at my own brilliant stroke of business—left —— Street, the news

was brought to me that the 'shutters were up' in the windows of Messrs. ——'s establishment, which, being interpreted, simply meant that the Firm had 'stopped payment!' The blow was to me, in every respect, a heavy one, and by no one of my friends was sympathy more kindly and sensibly evinced than by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth. He accompanied me on that same afternoon to —— Street, where a poor old half-deformed clerk, who had been, I imagine, for many years, an *employé* in the house, gave us an audience in the darkened, desolate room, in which, only eight-and-forty hours before, I had seen the head of the establishment, looking as spruce and flourishing as if utter and hopeless ruin were not, at that moment, hanging as by a single hair, over his head. As I thought upon his *debonnair* demeanour then, and remembered how thoroughly, whilst talking to me, he must have been aware of the impending blow, I could not divest myself, victimized albeit I had been, of some feeling of admiration for a man, who, at a crisis so trying, had shown himself capable

of so large an amount of self-command. As a married man, too, and as one who had failed in what had once doubtless promised to be a successful undertaking, I could not choose but pity the fallen Publisher, whose misfortune had been the cause of so much disappointment to myself, and when, after listening to the old clerk's tearful regrets, that there was 'nothing to be done' or 'hoped for,' I left the house, it was more in sorrow than in anger that I bent my steps homewards.

There was, of course, after awhile, a 'meeting of creditors,' the object of discussion being the advisability of accepting the five shillings in the pound which the bankrupts offered to their victims. My solicitor, as well as more than one hard-headed friend, was strongly averse to my acceptance of *any* compromise, and the letter of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, expressive of a similar opinion, shall be, in part inserted here.

'I own to finding your moderation in this hard to understand, and I wish that I

could make you see the case as I do. In ordinary instances of failure—whether such failures are due to imprudence, to incapacity, or even to a natural leaning towards speculation—I can comprehend the possibility of feeling compassion for a man who has risked and lost the property of others. But the failure of Mr. ——— is, in your regard, so aggravated by adventitious circumstances, that, as I said before, I am at a loss to understand the leniency of your feelings towards him. The mere fact of his asking you, when on the point of open failure (and when receiving what he must have known was your last business visit) for twenty pounds, speaks, to my thinking, volumes in his dispraise, and then the fact is patent that the money was *never applied to the purpose for which it was asked and given*. To this you will doubtless reply, as you have done before, that in the hurry and distress, the worry, and probably the want, which then must have existed in the concern of which Mr. ——— had been one of the heads, the application of that small sum of

money to advertising purposes was very likely to be forgotten, but to this reasoning I do not find it in me to subscribe. You write to me that your lawyer—who seems a clear-headed man—has expressed the opinion that if the giving, by Mr. ———, to you of the bill, which he must have been aware was so much waste paper, were to be publicly known, he could not obtain his “certificate of bankruptcy.” And why, let me ask you, should he obtain it? I have long since become convinced that this “white-washing” of individuals who have enjoyed themselves at other people’s expense, is a process that is much too easily gone through. It is scarcely probable that this interesting bankrupt would be one of those very exceptional characters, rarely met with save in fiction, who devote their after lives to the retrieval of their position as men of honour, and to the payment of their just debts, and therefore it is that I advise you—seeing that Mr. ——— is still a young man, with apparently a sufficient amount of brains and patrons to enable him to succeed

in a different profession from that which he had previously chosen—to keep the hold which your position in regard to him gives you, over any “means” which he may hereafter possess of restoring the large sum of money of which he has deprived you. Messrs. — and — must have turned many an “honest penny” by the publication of “Such Things Are,” and it is well for you that they have had nothing to do with the sequel to the story, which you tell me is in progress.

‘Will you forgive me for expressing a hope, that when you write again you will be more careful in your choice of a subject. Your dislike to some of the reigning vices and follies of the day, and your desire to illustrate by description some of the evils which they produce, have the effect of rendering you open to invidious criticism. Excellent motives for plain speaking are too often—in such cases—forgotten, and in my opinion, to write “with a purpose” is a mistake. With many apologies

for venturing to censure, where there is so much to praise,

‘ I remain,

‘ Yours very truly,

‘ W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.’

I have felt the more inclined to insert in its entirety Mr. Ainsworth's sensible letter, because of the Bankruptcy Bill, which, it is to be hoped, will, sooner or later, occupy the attention of Parliament. Without desiring to cast the slightest reflection on the unfortunate firm of publishers, by whose acts of imprudence, or by whatever name they may be called, I was so considerable a loser, I cannot but think that the facilities for ruined men to rehabilitate themselves by acts of fraud, are—in cases of bankruptcy—far too great. And then, too, it appears to me a hard thing that the majority of creditors should — when a meeting of the wronged ones takes place—have it all their own way, whilst there may be those amongst the victims who are thoroughly averse to accepting
ms proposed. I am, very possibly, giving

a wrong opinion on a subject regarding the details of which I know but little, and, indeed, so many years have passed since the time of which I write, that I may possibly be excused if a certain haziness, as regards the matter of bankruptcy, should be traceable in my remarks. One fact, however, stands out boldly in the distance. At a final meeting of creditors, it was agreed that the offer of five shillings in the pound should be accepted, in consequence of which decision the *balance* of £300 was paid to my account; of the minor sum, namely, the £20 from which I had so confidently parted, I heard no more.

There is, amongst the wise saws bequeathed to us by former generations for our benefit, no more sensible one than that in which weak human nature is advised not to 'cry over spilt milk.' Self-aggravation, by dwelling upon personal grievances, is not only wicked, but foolish, forgetfulness of wrong and forgiveness of the wrong-doer being doubtless great conduces to contentment of mind. In process of time—

‘Unvanquished Time,
The conqueror of conquerors, and lord
Of desolation !—

my loss and disappointment were pushed into the background of memory. The occurrence of more important events caused them to fade from my mind, and, seeing that fifteen years elapsed without any mention of my bankrupt acquaintance having reached my ears, I was, methinks, fully justified in arriving at the conclusion that Mr. —, not chancing to be one of the ‘faultless monsters whom the world ne’er saw,’ had not—if still in life—been in the habit of occupying his thoughts and time (after the fashion which has been recorded in works of fiction), in the honourable attempt to make restitution to those who had suffered loss at his hands.

That my once impecunious friend had not—during the period in which I lost sight of him—been an idle man, I had, in process of time, an opportunity of learning, but of what happened after long years, I heard mention of in, I will, for the present, say

nothing. Before, however, taking a temporary leave of this not especially agreeable subject, I cannot refrain, inasmuch as my dear father's views regarding it are eminently characteristic of his truly Christian charity, and of the beautiful simplicity of his nature, from noting them in this place. He had imagined—why, or wherefore, I know not—that I entertained some idea of furthering my own interests by raising an impediment (which, in the manner alluded to by Mr. Ainsworth, could easily have been done) to the obtaining by Mr. — of his bankruptcy certificate. Had such a purpose been in my mind, the knowledge of my father's views respecting it would have caused my immediate abandonment of the project.

‘I am well aware,’ he wrote, ‘that four hundred pounds is a very large sum to lose; but I cannot help believing that rather than stand in the way of this poor gentleman getting a fresh start in life, you will throw away this chance of being repaid. He has probably been very slightly, if at all, in fault, and, for aught

you know, may have a wife and children dependent on him for their support. Let this consideration weigh with you, my dear, and incline you to the side of mercy.'

Mr. Ainsworth seemed to find great pleasure in talking over his early literary efforts, the very earliest being, as he informed me, as follows :

'I was a very little chap,' he said, 'when I took it into my head to write a book, the subject of which was to be "Natural History." Even in those days I was not without ambition, and my work must, therefore—I mentally decided—be an illustrated one. To draw a lion appeared to me no difficult task, for when features are strongly marked, the efforts of the painter become comparatively easy. A big, bare head, cat-like eyes, a gigantic mane, and the straightest of tails, such were the leading characteristics of the animal, which I fully intended not only to portray, but to make use of as a frontispiece to my forthcoming work. And I did so portray him, and a fine specimen of his kind I thought

he was, especially when I had written beneath him, in good round text, the taking and instructive notification that—

“The Lion is the King of the Beasts.”

But, alas ! perseverance being apparently not my *forte*, the work was destined to swell the number of the many great ones which never see the light. Many a year after its spirited commencement, two of my children, who had unearthed it from some hidden receptacle of forgotten things, brought the “picture”—as they called it—to their mother, and insisted, much to my discomfiture, on having its origin explained. For many a day afterwards, their chaffing remarks on the artistic commencement of my work, and their entreaties that I would finish the *story*, proved injurious to my peace of mind.’

This little anecdote, humorously told, called to mind a somewhat similar one, which, related as it was to me by Mr. James Morier, with an immovable gravity, mingled with a half-hidden

sense of fun, it is next to impossible to do justice to by description. It appeared that one of his female relations—a sister, if I remember rightly—was seized with the ambition to write a Play. She made no secret of her intention, but, on the contrary, was constantly reverting to it, not so much, seeing that the young lady had a tolerably good opinion of her own powers, for the sake of asking advice, but for the satisfaction, apparently, which talking over her plot, the *rôles* of her characters, and the name of her drama, afforded her.

‘And, after all, there was nothing to show for it, but “Enter John.” It was a pity; great things,’ continued Mr. Morier gravely, ‘have sprung from as small beginnings. She was a clever girl, and very possibly the smoking flax of her genius was quenched by ridicule. A wrong action that,’ solemnly shaking his large head. “‘As good,”’ he quoted, “‘almost kill a man as kill a good book.” *Enter John.* Ah! well, “a *play’s a play*, although there’s nothing in it;” and may we, none of us, ever do worse

than did the talented authoress of those suggestive words.'

Whilst the author of 'Haji Baba,' than whom no man living ever delighted more in lively nonsense, was thus gravely joking, we were, on a calm August afternoon, fishing for mackerel off the coast of the Isle of Wight. A couple of hundred yards away was the gravelly beach of West Cowes, and along the promenade many idlers of both sexes were strolling to and fro. By means of a glass, which he had brought with him to the boat, Mr. Morier could easily discern amongst the pedestrians the faces of those with whom he was acquainted, and from time to time he varied the scene by exclamations and remarks, *quoad* the friends whom he recognised.

'Ah!' he on one of these occasions said, 'there is that best of good fellows, Dolly Fitzclarence. There was a fire, you know, at East Cowes, a few days ago, and directly he heard of it, he not only sent the destitute people five pounds, but he went himself to the

cottage where a poor little child which was burned to death, lay, and did his best to comfort the parents. I thought nothing of the five pounds, but when I saw his kind, jolly face leaning over the poor body—blackened to a cinder—of the dead girl, I almost loved the man. Of course, he would have been glad to escape the sight, but the mother pressed him so much—after the fashion of her kind—to look upon the disfigured remains of her dead daughter, that he had not the heart to refuse her invitation.'

After that bright summer's evening I never again, to my great regret, saw the friend whose cheery companionship I had, whilst it was within my reach, so thoroughly valued and appreciated. He died at Brighton, in the year 1849, after a life which, the more intimate of his many friends had reason to fear, had not been always free from a more than average amount of domestic cares and worries.

CHAPTER VII.

Wilton Abbey.—Chilmark Church.—The De Jessés of Languedoc.

BOTH before and after the departure of the Sidney Herberts from the not very enjoyable *séjour*, which for a few passing weeks they had with tolerable patience endured in the far West, they had given us pressing invitations to visit them at Wilton. By many, and especially by those who, being lovers of Art and beauty, are capable of appreciating at their just value the many specimens of both that are to be found in the ancient mansion and grounds belonging to the Pembroke family, the intended compliment would, doubtless, have been gladly responded to; by me, however, and that chiefly owing to a growing dislike to country-house

visiting, the prospect of passing a few days in the house of those who were but as the acquaintances of yesterday, was not especially alluring. Amongst the few privileges of crowned heads, which are, in my opinion, enviable, the first and foremost is, to my thinking, that of being able to open their own gates wide to those who please their fancy, or whom they delight to honour, whilst the *necessity* (so often an irksome duty) of returning what are called 'civilities,' is a penance which they are never compelled to undergo. 'It is more blessed,' saith the Bible, 'to give than to receive,' and in an inverse ratio, namely, in cases of dispensing or accepting hospitalities, the appositeness of the saying comes home with force to my understanding.

Methinks that not a few will agree with me, when I say that it is on the mistress of a house that the enjoyment or otherwise of the guests therein depends ; and when we consider how few were there are whom either Nature or experience succeeded in making that *rara avis*,

namely, a perfect hostess, we must acknowledge, that by the acceptance of indiscriminate invitations, addressed to us by probably well-meaning persons, whose qualifications as *chatelaines* we have had no opportunity of testing, we run no inconsiderable risk of being bored. It was one, nevertheless, which I—not being a free agent—found myself, *nolens volens*, obliged to incur, it being deemed absolutely necessary that by *one*, at any rate, of the invited, the ‘civil thing’ should be ‘done;’ and thus it came about that (under protest, and for all that my host-to-be was one of the most agreeable and courteous men of the day) I unwillingly commenced, a few days prior to the Christmas of 1865, my pilgrimage to Wilton.

It will be remembered by many of my readers, and by those especially who had dear friends and relatives in the Regiments then serving in India, that whilst Christmas was being ‘kept’—as the saying is—at *home*, the fate of the beleaguered garrison at Lucknow was still in abeyance, and that many an anxious

heart was awaiting with trembling anxiety the next intelligence from India. Amongst those who were assembled at Wilton, there were others, besides the host, to whom any fresh news of importance would, in consequence of their official position, at once be sent, and for this fact (seeing that in common with the hundreds of 'waiting' women, whose dear ones were bound to them by still closer ties, I was very anxious concerning the fate of one gallant young soldier who had lately landed, burning, as did every member of the British army—for vengeance on the murderous natives—on the shores of India), I felt grateful.

As a matter of course, all the *serious* conversation, which, amongst the party assembled at Wilton, varied the rapid flow of small talk, *badinage* and scandal, turned upon the Mutiny, and upon Indian affairs.

Amongst the guests whose 'information' would be early, and who could not be surpassed in pleasantness, were Lord and Lady Granville. The foreign accent of the latter lent

an additional charm to all she said, whilst the genial kindliness of Lord Granville's nature was evidenced by his every look and word.

It was, as I have said, a trying time, not only for those whose beloved ones were serving with the avenging army, but for all who could enter feelingly into the condition of agonizing suspense which the prisoners who were shut up in Lucknow must be enduring. Brave soldiers, commanded by experienced generals, were hurrying to the rescue. The memory of Cawnpore, with its hideous massacre, and the details of fiendish cruelty which had thrilled all hearts with horror, were not needed, in order to spur to almost superhuman exertion the troops which, by forced marches, were working their avenging way, under the fierce blaze of an Indian sun, to Lucknow. But would they arrive in time to save? That was the question which each man and woman, as the days rolled on, put to his own heart, and the advent of telegrams from 'Sir Colin's' small but determined band of heroes, was looked for with a feverish anxiety,

that in every face could—more or less—be plainly read

And when the news came at last, when the glad tidings that *Lucknow was relieved* sounded like a clarion's trumpet-call in our ears, the effect was almost electrical. A small party of guests, of whom I was one, were assembled—whilst waiting for the dressing-gong—in the billiard-room, when suddenly the door opened, and Lady Granville, flourishing high in air a paper that looked like an official despatch, exclaimed, with what was almost a shout of triumph, 'Lucknow is relieved !' There were, of course, in the telegram, no particulars of the event, and the chances were, that not a few of the brave young hearts which had left England beating high with hope, and burning with desire to avenge their murdered countrywomen, were now cold and still for ever ; but the main victory—the chief success was gained. The helpless ones in the citadel were now safe under the protection of British hearts and British steel, there was breathing time for all who in that

arduous struggle, had, under apparently insurmountable difficulties, gained the day.

It was not till long after that memorable rescue, that I had an opportunity of learning, from the lips of one of the distinguished officers who had played a leading part in it, a few interesting particulars, concerning the 'Relief of Lucknow.' The officer in question was the late General Sir Edward Greathed, and at the time when he talked to me of that memorable time, he was our guest in Ireland, partaking—after his long and arduous Indian experiences—of the best shooting and fishing that it was in our power to give him.

According to Colonel Greathed's account (he had, as history tells us, been Brigadier-General during the period when, after the siege of Delhi, he commanded a flying column), Sir Colin Campbell, one of the strictest of disciplinarians, and a man little likely to be by the 'wheedling arts' of the fair sex turned even by a hair's-breadth from the straight, hard line of duty, entertained, as he neared the beleaguered city, certain not over-

flattering forebodings regarding the possible behaviour of the ladies to whose relief he was advancing.

‘I won’t have any time wasted over their — finery,’ said, in his broad ‘Scotch,’ the gallant old Chief. ‘The women will have to leave their caps and bonnets behind them, I’m thinking, for there’ll be little enough baggage room, without bothering with ladies’ fur-belowes.’

After hearing this, I was amused, and yet, in some sort, pained, to learn that the ladies regarding whose safety so much keen anxiety had been felt, and whose sufferings from suspense and privation had been so great, very speedily lost sight of the ‘great mercy which had been vouchsafed unto them,’ and commenced, even as the General had predicted would be the case, quarrelling amongst themselves over the—in their opinion—extremely limited allowance of ‘baggage accommodation.’ Regimental ladies are—it would appear—in some respects difficult to manage. The Colonel’s wife expects to be

treated with far more consideration than does the Colonel himself, and should she become possessed with the idea that the belongings of Mrs. Major Tomkins are allowed to take up more room on an elephant's back than does her own highly valued wardrobe, she is capable of giving no inconsiderable amount of trouble. Fortunately for all parties concerned, Lord Clyde was not a General whose dictums were, under any circumstances, likely to be disputed.

It was pleasant—as our six-oared gig floated smoothly over the tranquil waters of the Killary Bay—to hear described, by one to whom most of the incidents connected with the Indian Mutiny were familiar, some of the scenes, as well as not a few of the actors, whose names are associated in our minds with that fierce and never-to-be-forgotten struggle for power. Very vividly did, at that time, Sir Hope Grant stand out amongst the pictures which thoughts of ‘auld lang syne’ called up before me! When I last saw him, he had been a slim young Lancer

Captain, with but little thought save for his dearly prized violoncello, and the music which he loved. A graver face than became his years (and especially grave, when, during the performance of a concerted piece, the 'time' was lost, and hopeless confusion was the result) I had always felt the countenance of my old acquaintance of former times to be, but I confess to having felt both surprised and sorrowful, as, on looking at his photograph, I noted the change which hard service and added years had wrought in the features of which I had retained so clear a recollection.

On one occasion, when in our desire to show to our guest some of the beauties of the Irish Highlands, we were journeying *on* an 'outside' long car across a desolate moor, over which a thick 'soft' rain was persistently falling, Sir Edward interested me greatly by the light which not a few of his anecdotes succeeded in throw-

ing characters and peculiarities of dis-
men. Amongst those lights was one
by thinking, lends an added lustre to

the name of Field-Marshal the Duke of Malakoff, and is an additional proof—if any were wanting—of the extreme sensitiveness in regard to the ‘Honours’ which in the French army are only accorded to men on whose incorruptible truthfulness there rests no spot or stain. Now, it so happened, that after the Crimean War, when the Order of the ‘Legion of Honour’ was freely bestowed upon the brave companions in arms who had marched side by side with the French Battalions to victory and to death, the breast of one British officer, and he no obscure and humble—in his own sight at least—individual, remained, to the surprise of, I may say, the English Army in general, undecorated by the coveted distinction.

No reason was assigned for an exclusion, which was the more remarkable, in that the neglected one had served under General Bosquet, on the French Staff, and that his personal courage had never been impugned. By himself the circumstance was bitterly deplored, and, during four years, his efforts were unceasing as they

were vain to obtain a reward which, *only* when bestowed spontaneously, is—or ought to be—esteemed of value. *Mais tout arrive à temps à qui sait attendre*, and, at last, but not till after the death of the French Commander-in-Chief, did the officer in question obtain the boon for which he had so long hopelessly craved.

‘As long as *I* live,’ said the French Field-Marshal to an English officer as high in military rank as he was himself, ‘Colonel — shall never be given the Cross of the “Legion of Honour.” *Ce monsieur est menteur, et c’est assez dire.*’ This explanation was given to me by Colonel Greathed, precisely as (under no promise of secrecy) it had been volunteered to him by the British General to whom the French Commander-in-Chief had divulged the reasons for his conduct. As two of those who are interested in the anecdote are yet alive, I forbear to allude, even by a single initial letter, to the name of the ex-Officer, who, ‘by his continual coming, wearied’ the French officials into a tardy compliance with his demands.

‘What stronger breastplate then a heart untainted ?
Thrice is he arm’d that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked though lock’d up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.’

‘Oh for a comfortable arm-chair at the
“Travellers !”’ groaned my companion, as a
formidable blast of bitter wind, rushing down
the Mulranny Pass, nearly blew us off the car,
and forcibly reminded us that we were, although
the month was August, in a very different climate
from that of the ‘gorgeous East.’

‘How often, on an average, do you have sun-
shine in this howling wilderness?’ asked my
shivering friend, and in reply I told him of the
almost uninterrupted fine weather which, when
the owner of Wilton Abbey, longing for rain,
pursued the tenant of Delphi, and spoilt the
sport which he had expected to enjoy.

‘He bore the annoyance good-humouredly,’
I said, ‘and was no less agreeable in the wilds
of Connaught than I afterwards found him
as a host.’

But it is time that I return to my Wiltshire
visit, and to an arrangement which was to be

carried out two days before Christmas ; the said plan being that a party of pleasure-seeking guests should be conveyed to Longleat, there to have luncheon, the which ceremony was to be followed by an inspection of Lord Bath's fine collection of pictures. It was, apparently, an 'understood' thing that everyone would be delighted to fill either his or her place in the big four-horse omnibus, and spend a certain number of hours in travelling to and from the fine old family mansion of the Bath family. Now, delighted as under some circumstances (in summer weather, for instance, or with a chosen friend who could sympathize with my love of Art and beauty) I should have been to see the wonders of Longleat, to do so, after the fashion suggested, was a weakness to which I could not bring myself to yield. The long drive, during the continuance of which I should be condemned to listen to conversation that was to me wholly uninteresting, and then the threatened luncheon, which, as a meal, is
t I never care to sally forth to other

homes to share, were strong reasons against my joining the band of exploring pilgrims, who, as I shrewdly suspected, were to be packed off in order to get them out of the way. But, in addition to these objections, and also to the fact that I should have been alone amongst almost strangers, there arose before me the terrible ordeal of the picture gallery, and of the stereotyped encomiums which I should therein be forced to utter and listen to. As this idea flashed, with all its attendant discomforts, across my brain, I could, then and there, have openly thanked my stars in that I was a free agent, and could not be compelled to listen to the tedious gabble of 'my lord's' dignified housekeeper, the whilst I, together with my companion sight-seers, was trotted past priceless works of Art, before many a one of which I should have been glad to linger for hours in silent and deeply enjoyed contemplation.

During breakfast—a repast, by the way, which was enlivened by the singular act, on the part

of a lady present, of playfully withdrawing (just as he was about to seat himself thereupon) his chair from the Right Honourable Henry Corry—the expedition in which I had mentally resolved not to take a part was talked of as one so fraught with elements of enjoyment that I began to feel less surprise than I had hitherto done at the circumstance that my consent to joining the party had been taken for granted.

My renunciation of the day's pleasuring, and my excuses for the same—false ones, as I need not say—but happily we do not live in *châteaux de la vérité*, and few of us are ignorant of *one* use, at least (namely, that of 'concealing our thoughts'), to which words can be put—my renunciation, then, of the omnibus party, was met with some expressions of surprise, and a few *banal* ones of regret. I was not, however, as it speedily appeared, the only guest to whom the proposed 'shockerawn' (as an *outing* for
es of amusement is called in Ireland)
wear an altogether alluring aspect, for

Mr. Corry, who was at one time Secretary to the Admiralty, and was at all seasons a pleasant companion also, at the eleventh hour, elected to stay at home. His decision caused general lamentation amongst the ladies, whose places in the omnibus were already taken, and many and flattering were the entreaties that he would change his mind to which he had to listen. All were, however, in vain ; as Mr. Corry afterwards said to me, the days when he could take pleasure in picnics and luncheon parties were over, and I, whilst he talked to me as one for whom the spring of life was broken, and whose interest in passing things was fading away, could not but see that his physical strength and health were waning, and that the cause of his lack of energy lay in the close and mysterious connection which the mind has with the body, and more especially with the nerves thereof. He was, as I have said, a very pleasant companion, the most so, to my mind, amongst the Wilton guests. I had greatly admired the perfect breeding which on the occasion of his totally unexpected tumble

he had displayed, and, during the hours which, whether in helping to dress a Christmas tree, or in pacing under the classic cedar trees, we passed in each other's society, I more than once congratulated myself on the similitude in tastes which had caused the agreeable Privy Councillor to prefer the beauties of Wilton Abbey to those of Longleat that day.

The gift of saying flattering things in an attractive manner was one for which Mr. Sidney Herbert had always been remarkable, but he was unfortunately sometimes led, by his desire to give pleasure to those with whom he was conversing, into the error of slightly exaggerating existing facts. That such was the case in the instance I am about to relate, I think it my duty to confess, but it was, in making the following assertion, so evidently the intention of my host to gratify the pride of ancestry which he supposed me—quite erroneously—to possess, that I am glad to record in my 'Memories' the following trifling, but kindly trait, in the character of a 'famous man.'

Mr. Herbert was, on one occasion, speaking to me of Chilmark Church, of the beauty of its situation, and of the curious old monuments, to long since dead and gone ancestors of my own that were to be seen within it.

‘ You ought to drive to Chilmark and see the tombs, and also the old Manor House, which was, long before we Herberts settled in Wiltshire, the property and home of your father’s family,’ said Mr. Herbert, in his courteous way ; and I, without feeling very much interest in the matter, was gratified by his pleasant-sounding words.

The village of Chilmark is on Lord Pembroke’s property, and the church, which has lately been restored, is situated at an easy distance by rail from Wilton, and is not only picturesque in itself, but is well placed, looking down, as it does, upon a pretty village, the roofs of which are mostly thatched. I was aware that a branch of my father’s family, namely, that of the Jessés, Barons de Levas, one of the oldest *noblesse* of Languedoc, had,

during the French (so-called) religious wars, migrated in the sixteenth century to England, and settled in the parish of Chilmark, where for considerably more than two hundred years they held valuable landed property. The subject, however, had never possessed much interest for me, as indeed was the case with my brother, a fact which the following short anecdote will prove. He one day, with evident amusement, told me that he had, some months previously, received a French letter, the which judging from the calligraphy, was from an elderly gentleman ; the letter was signed '*Baron Jessé de Levas,*' and in it were inquiries, couched in very courteous terms, regarding the English, *id est*, the Wiltshire, branch of the De Jessé family. The Baron would, he wrote, esteem it a very great obligation if '*Monsieur de Henéage Jessé*' would give him, the writer, some information on a subject that was to him so interesting. To this letter, my brother, having, as he justly remarked, more important things to write about, sent no reply. 'What could I have said

to the old fool?' he, on my mildly suggesting that civility costs nothing, asked ; and as I could to this query make no satisfactory response, the subject dropped.

On my repeating, which I afterwards did, this trivial occurrence to my father, I was sorry to find that he took the slight which in his opinion had been offered to Monsieur de Levas rather seriously to heart. He was so innately courteous, and his dislike to wounding, in the very smallest degree, the sensibilities of another was so great, that we found it hard to make him understand that the difficulties in the way of remedying the evil were now insurmountable. Many months had elapsed since the appeal of the old French gentleman had reached my brother's hands, the letter had been long since destroyed, and the address with it ; besides, as we oracularly declared, any apology, after the lengthened period which we, without sending a response, had suffered to go by, would be worse than the affront. Convinced by these arguments, yet by no means reduced to silence, my

father would often revert to the subject of his French origin, and to the *proofs* which he fondly believed were probably extant that one of his ancestors had been amongst the countless army of filibusters who conquered England from the English. As his family legend ran, there was one *De Jessé*, a follower of the Norman adventurer, who, at the battle of Hastings, had three horses killed under him, and well do I remember gazing in early childhood, with mute awe, at the impression of a big cornelian seal, in which figured three rampant horses, each in the same attitude, and with a cruel arrow sticking in his side. The Latin motto, which, being interpreted, means, 'Undismayed, he comes off victorious,' was, as well as I can recollect, the grandiloquent one which for generations back had surmounted the effigies of those prancing Norman nags, and my dear father (it was a harmless vanity) nourished so proud a belief in the reality of this tradition, that to throw any doubt upon its truth would have been an act of which none of his

many friends were capable. Previous to his knowledge of the French Baron's letter, he had been content with oral tradition, and his clear recollection of the fact that his grandparents invariably pronounced their name after the French fashion, namely, Jessé with an accent on the final letter, was to him an unfailing source of satisfaction ; but, *le mieux* being ever *l'ennemi du bien*, a craving for 'more light' followed ; and it was with a view of, if possible, obtaining for him some information on the subject, that I sought inspiration among the Chilmark tombs.

But, alas ! from these there was but little to be gained. On one large and curious 'Brass' there are inscribed in two rows, nine names of male and female members of the Jessé family, the dates of whose births and deaths extended over about two centuries—*viz.*, from the end of the fifteenth to the close of the sixteenth century ; and it is remarkable that the baptismal appellations of Joseph and Mary are considerably in excess of any others which,

either in the old registers (some of these which were coëval with the church itself have been either lost or destroyed) or in the decaying gravestones, are to be traced.

A little below the church is the ancient Manor House of Chilmark, which I had pictured to myself as standing alone, respectable at least, if not indeed venerable, in its 'calm old age'; but even here my illusions were fated to be destroyed, for very far from alone, in such glory as may once have belonged to it, does the home of my fathers—decayed, tumble-down, and neglected—rear its dilapidated head. Thatched cottages, long since erected, but of recent date compared with that of the Manor House, had clustered round the old deserted mansion, each window of which

'Jingled in its crumbling frame,
And through its many gaps of destitution,
Dolorous moans, and hollow sighings came,
Like those of dissolution.

The rooms were many and large, but, with the exception of the kitchen, were low-pitched in

proportion to their size. The last-named chamber was one of considerable size, and boasted a big open chimney, in which there were comfortable *settles* for the weary frame. The walls were of solid stone, but through the roof 'the tempest with its spoils had drifted in;' and so swiftly and surely was iron-handed Time doing his destructive work, that to all appearance, if his progress were not soon arrested, there would ere long only remain a 'ruin' to show where the Manor House once stood.

The present Rector of Chilmark is, I have lately heard, very anxious to have the time-honoured tenement 'restored,' in order that it may serve the useful purpose of a cottage hospital; but the present owner of the village does not appear inclined to advance money for the purpose. Another circumstance connected with this pretty rural spot has lately come to my knowledge, namely, that its inhabitants are greatly addicted—'In memory,' said the clergyman, of the 'old family'—to giving at their baptism the names of Jessie, or Jesse, as the case may

be, to their children. It is pleasant to think, and also speaks well for the behaviour during their sojourn in the County, of my forbears, that a kindly feeling towards the owners, in times gone by, of the soil, should remain unto this day. Judging from these appearances, it would seem that not only can a sense of gratitude and goodwill descend from generation to generation in the human breast, but that those small Wiltshire landlords, acting on the belief that by 'doing well' unto his tenants a man 'doeth well unto himself,' secured the lasting respect of the poor whom they left behind them.

I have often regretted that the knowledge of this pleasant tribute to the kindness of his race was not acquired by me during my father's lifetime, and it is partly to my conviction that the doing so would have afforded him much excusable gratification that I allude to the circumstance in these pages; but there is another reason, one which may possibly interest the searchers into paleographic archives, for the, as I fear some of my readers may consider it,

unnecessary dwelling on this apparently wholly personal question. The reason to which I allude must be now explained.

One of my friends, a Frenchman, who had devoted some of his time and attention to 'heraldry,' has lately sent me a small volume, now, I believe, out of print, but which was published in 1865 by Monsieur Borel d'Hauteville, 'Archéviste paléographe,' and is called 'Annuaire de la Noblesse de France, et des Maisons Souveraines de l'Europe.' This book devotes a chapter to the history and genealogy of 'La maison de Jessé,' Barons de Levas, de la Fregères, etc., etc., *en Languedoc*. The commencement of the chapter is not only amusing as a legend, but curious as illustrative of the influence over secular matters which, two centuries ago, Religion enjoyed in France ; and it is owing to these causes that I shall, without the ceremony of an apology, quote, in its original text, the sentence to which I refer.

'La légende de cette maison lui donne une

origine biblique, longuement rappelée dans la requête que Jacques-Arnaud de Jessé, seigneur de Levas, adressa aux commissaires du roi, et qui fut accueillie par un jugement de maintenue de noblesse, le 27 Septembre, 1668. On y cite ce passage de l'Evangile où il est dit que Obed engendra Jessé et que Jessé fut père de David; et pour fortifier l'autorité de la légende, on invoque le symbolisme du laurier mystérieux qui figure dans les armes de la maison de Jessé, et qui rappellerait que la Vierge est née de la racine de Jessé. Cette requête et ce jugement de maintenue ont été reproduits en entier dans les pièces justificatives de l'Annuaire Historique et généalogique du Languedoc public, par M. Louis de la Roque, 1864.'

Now, to my reproach be it confessed that I entertain rather less than no liking for the 'chosen people,' and that therefore the idea of owing a patent of nobility to an imaginary descent from the Bethlehemite shepherd struck me as ridiculous but undesirable; it was

for that reason satisfactory to find that in the paragraph which follows, Monsieur d'Hauterive asserts that 'the house of Jessé needs neither legends nor symbols, in order to take rank amongst the most ancient families of Languedoc. He, however, contents himself with tracing them back no further than the fourteenth century, alleging as a reason for so doing, that when, during the religious wars, the Château de Levas was burned to the ground, the archives which it contained were destroyed. This act of incendiarism, for the perpetration of which six Protestant captains were, in 1622, condemned to death, was, owing to the influence of the De Jessé family (*par un esprit d'indulgence, et dans un intérêt de pacification*), not carried into effect. If we may believe the author from whose work I have been quoting, and whose accuracy there is no reason to doubt, this race of Languedocans (Royalists to the backbone) have served, according to their lights, their King and country well. After citing many incidents in proof of their devotion to the 'good'

cause, Monsieur d'Hauterive makes honourable mention of a certain '*Joseph, baron de Jessé Levas, Capitaine au regiment de Royal Picardie, cavalier qui fut arrêté comme suspect, et mourut du typhus à la Conciergerie, le 6 Fevrier, 1794, à la veille de monter sur l'échafaud.*'

I have already made allusion to the extraordinary proportion of *Josephs* and *Marys* (especially large as regards the former) which are to be found amongst the memorials to the defunct Jessés in Chilmark Church, but the mention of Baron Joseph de Levas, who died in the Paris Conciergerie, recalls to my mind the fact that the number of scriptural names, notably that of '*Joseph,*' which are met with in the '*De Jessé Chronicles,*' is infinitely more remarkable than is even the excess thereof which I noticed in Chilmark Church. The *prénom* is one that is, amongst French families, rarely—comparatively speaking—met with, it is therefore safe to conjecture that its frequent occurrence in the Levas archives is owing to

the family belief in the Legend which I have quoted.

As regards the portion of the family—probably a very small one—which, during the commencement of the ‘religious wars,’ migrated into Wiltshire, I am inclined to think (and I am led to the conclusion by the leniency displayed by the owner of the burned *château* towards the six Huguenot incendiaries) that they (the migrating ones) were, if not actually belonging to the Reformed Religion, at any rate possessed of Protestant proclivities; but be this as it may, it is fair to conclude, taking into consideration the circumstance that the oldest portion, namely, the chancel, of Chilmark Church, bears decided evidence of having once belonged to a Roman Catholic place of worship, that the new arrivals in a strange land did not count a narrow-minded bigotry amongst their faults. That they made no attempts to turn the simple villagers from the religion of their fathers, is a fact which may be safely taken for granted, and flying (as it is reasonable to suppose

they had done) to liberal England from the tyranny of the Romish Religion, it is satisfactory to think that this pilgrim offset of a French Catholic family, 'left unstained' that which in the quiet Wiltshire hamlet they had found—

'Freedom to worship God.'

Many a time, and very sadly, have I, whilst writing the last few pages, reflected on the pleasure which their perusal would have given to the dear father who is gone! They are pages which will, I greatly fear, be supposed by some to owe their origin to a silly desire on my part to *faire valoir* the little-known race of men, who, for some three centuries, vegetated in the old Manor House of Chilmark, but of any such underbred and contemptible motives, the few friends who know me well will, I feel sure, acquit me. It has often struck me, that amongst the arguments in favour of a 'future state' is the instinctive feeling which many of us entertain, that what passes here below *may* be those who have gone before us to the

‘silent land;’ and who is there amongst us that has not, especially in the early days of bereavement, and when the heart is heavy with the thought that for the beloved one, we can—as regards his earthly frame—do no more, sought and obtained comfort in the performance of acts, which in the lifetime of our well-loved dead would have called a smile to his lip, and lent a momentary brightness to his eye?

‘The best portions of a good man’s life’ are, as the Poet Wordsworth has written—

‘His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love;’

and I take consolation in the thought that the friends who knew and appreciated my father, will look leniently on the few pages which, as they would have interested *him*, are interpolated here, whilst, as regards those among my readers to whom my father’s very name may be unknown, I have only to remind them that to ‘skip’ a dozen pages is the easiest thing in life, as well as a proceeding which, in this case, I strongly recommend to their notice.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Harrison Ainsworth.—The Strangeness of Truth.

THE truth of the axiom that *realities* are stranger than fiction, has long since been very generally acknowledged, and yet how often does it happen that we are astonished, almost to the extent of bewilderment, by events in real life, which, when recorded in works of fiction, are passed over without any expressions of surprise. Instances of base ingratitude, for instance, of which mankind is capable, never fail—especially when we are in our own persons the victims of the offender—to call forth as great an amount of wondering comment as though thanklessness for benefits received were a new sin, and one which had been only lately added to the long evil propensities to which human nature is ad.

This exordium is inflicted on the reader for the purpose of preparing either him or her—as the case may be—for the sequel of the story which in chapter fourteen of these Memories was commenced. But for its connection with Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, the episode would not in these pages have seen the light. I hope, however, that even for its own sake, and because of the curious trait of human character which it unfolds, the tale may not be deemed wholly devoid of interest.

As I have, I think, already said, some fifteen years elapsed before even the name of the man whose acquaintance proved to me so disastrous obtruded itself forcibly on my memory. It is true that when I unexpectedly found myself, later in life, a comparatively poor woman, I was sometimes reminded that the loss I had sustained was one of the hard facts of life, over the recollection of which Time had not *quite* effectually drawn an obliterating sponge ; but albeit I could not absolutely forget the unfortunate circumstances connected with Mr. ——'s failure, it was only on

especial occasions, and when the restitution of even a portion of the £320 of which I had been deprived would have been a boon for which to be grateful, that regret—totally unmingled with any feeling of anger against the author of the calamity—forced itself upon my mind. The man, individually, I had as utterly forgotten, as I had completely and without reservation pardoned the wrong which he had done me. He might, for he was a shrewd and far-seeing man, have become wealthy, and be living in luxury and pleasure ; or he might, for that contingency was also on the cards, have died, poor and friendless, in a world which has, for those who are ‘down,’ so many more ‘kicks’ than it has ‘halfpence’ to bestow.

How it came about that I at last chanced to hear again the name of the individual, who had of late years occupied so small a portion of my thoughts, matters little. It is sufficient that I did hear of him, and that, after the lapse of three lustres, the fact was patent to me, as well world at large, that in *his* case, the

‘halfpence’ had been very much in excess of the ‘kicks.’ In other words, Mr. —— had, in a Profession, widely differing from the one in which, when I made his acquaintance, he was engaged—become a well-to-do and a well-salaried man. He keeps—as the wise in their generation are apt to do—well to the front, and possessing as he does, a ‘carriage’ of his own, is an illustration of the truthfulness of the Psalmist’s words, that, ‘As long as a man does well unto himself, the world will speak good of him.’

Stimulated thereto, partly by curiosity, and partly by the urgings of my friend, Mr. Ainsworth (who, happening to be in London at the time when I made the discovery of Mr. ——’s present position of importance, was very desirous that I should, at least, *remind* him of the debt he had incurred towards me), I wrote to my old acquaintance on the subject, and was referred by him to his lawyer! *Honores mutant mores*, and experience ought to have long ago taught me the folly of expecting from any soul that lives the most fractional portion of that rare thing which

men call gratitude. It is, however, only an act of justice to my ex-publisher to say that he has never repudiated the smaller portion of the debt, which, however, he finds it *plus fort que lui* to pay, and, therefore, it is still on the cards that his slumbering conscience may one day wake up, and bid him, with a loud voice, to do his duty.

The occasion to which I am about to allude, being the last on which I had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. Ainsworth, and of enjoying his society, I find it impossible to resist the temptation of referring to one especial subject of conversation, the interest attached to which bears alike on the past and on the present time. Reminiscences of Brighton, the big, over-built town, in which, although a north-countryman, Mr. Ainsworth elected to live, were constantly, when in his company, cropping up. He loved to talk of the so-called 'Queen of watering-places,' as she had been, some forty or fifty years previously, before her dimensions had assumed their present gigantic proportions, and when it had been happily out of her power to rival London in

the quantity of 'blacks' and smoke, which now, when the wind blows from the north, renders Brighton far from the cleanest town in the British dominions.

'Ah!' the septuagenarian author would say, 'those were truly days of sunshine, and well do I remember them. On the cliffs, even in mid-winter, it was always warm—always bright and cheerful—and then the company! There was no railroad in the days I speak of, and "jew seasons" were then unknown in Sussex.'

These words, spoken more than half sadly by my old acquaintance, set me also thinking of the days when I—being then very young—my fifteenth birthday having only just sped by—was accustomed to see in the big Sussex watering-place a perfect paradise of delight. On the events of one especial winter my memory dwelt, and indeed does so to this day, with a kind of tender seriousness. A bitter affliction had, some months previously, fallen to the lot of one of our Hampton Court friends and neighbours to endure. His young wife had, under very painful circum-

stances, been taken from him, and deeply and lastingly had she been mourned. For that lovely lady, I, then little more than a child in years, had conceived, during her lifetime, one of those romantic attachments, born of profoundest admiration, which some enthusiastic young creatures have been known to entertain for the beautiful and loveable of their sex and kind. I can see her before me now, as she looked, when, on the last occasion that my eyes rested on her sweet face, she was lifted, by her strong husband's arms, to her saddle. And, before a week had sped onward, she was no more; and I, when I heard that so it was, well-nigh wept myself blind!

The bereaved husband, hearing of my great grief, and being also aware that the wife for whose loss he sorrowed had entertained a kindly feeling towards my father's daughter, shunned for awhile all society save ours. He would join us daily in our rides through secluded lanes, and in those portions of the Royal parks to which the 'public' were not

admitted, and if—a circumstance which we took care should often occur—our way led us near the Holy ground where *she* lay buried, he would lag behind for a few minutes, and when he again overtook and joined us, a still sadder gloom had, we could perceive, deepened over his face.

In the winter of that year, we went—as our custom was—to Brighton, and thither too betook himself, with his three young children, the friend who had been thus suddenly bereaved. During their few weeks' stay we saw much of them, especially of the boys, who seemed even more at home in *ours* than in their father's house. The eldest—'Chigo'—a nickname which had, I believe, been bestowed on him in Spain, was at that time a handsome, but rather delicate-looking little lad, whose fate in after-life was a sad though glorious one. He fell on Cathcart's Hill, cruelly bayoneted by Russian savages; and over none of the brave ones who were slain in the Crimean war were bitterer tears shed, than those which fell from loving eyes for him.

But the younger son—the laughing, bright little fellow, who was called, in the days of his childhood, by no other name than ‘Pop,’ is still *well* to the fore, and will perhaps (should these pages chance to meet his eye) excuse one who knew him ‘in the long-ago’ for saying that when the news of Sir Beauchamp Seymour’s thunderous peppering of Alexandria arrived in England, she bethought her of the old name of ‘Pop,’ and could not forbear a smile at the ‘conceit.’ In the old Brighton days I wot of, he played with tin soldiers, and destroyed battlemented towers with mimic popguns. Would that the historic City had been bombarded with equally harmless instruments of war! Would that that war had never—for the most selfish of purposes—been undertaken! The Admiral in command simply did his duty—how few, however, comparatively speaking, are there who do not now heartily wish that such a duty had never been laid upon his shoulders.

This is—I am well aware—a frivolous book—a book of odds and ends, put together without

much method, and perhaps altogether undeserving of serious criticism. Its only merit—if merit it be—is, that its records are *true*; and, if carried away by the warmth of family affection, or, possibly, by a sense of personal wrong, I have dealt too much, in egotistical fashion, on matters which possess no public interest, I can only throw myself on the mercy of my readers, and once more suggest to them the expediency of turning over, unread, the pages to which they may very naturally take exception.

The last communication which I received from the author of 'Jack Sheppard,' was a letter written on the occasion of the complimentary public dinner which was held at Manchester in his honour. I had written to congratulate him on an event which had evidently afforded him much pleasure, and taking into consideration the fact that the banquet was a proof of his being held in high esteem 'and honour' in his own country, the gratification of the veteran novelist is not to be wondered at. The last letter which I received from him spoke of the infirm state of

his health, and of his hope that a journey to the south of France, which he was about to undertake, would prove of service to him. 'On my return,' he ended his letter by saying, 'it will give me the greatest pleasure to call upon you.' Alas! neither journey to the South, nor return to cloudier lands, were fated to be his, for three weeks after the receipt by me of his last hopeful letter, I read in the newspapers of the day that Harrison Ainsworth was no more!

The death of my old friend was a source to me of much regret. I owed him a debt of gratitude in that he had pointed out to me the only method by which it seemed possible to attain an end which I had greatly at heart—namely, the publication of my first novel, and it was with much regret I discovered that the circumstance of his having been the involuntary cause of ulterior mischief occasioned him not a little sorrow and self-reproach. It would perhaps have been better, had I in these pages abstained from all mention of the small
ity of which Mr. Ainsworth was—as

regarded myself—the involuntary cause. The doing so would, however, have entailed the necessity of excluding from these unpretending volumes much in Mr. Ainsworth's letters which is characteristic of his clearness of judgment, and extreme kindness of heart. To have suppressed facts would have entailed only the baldest mention of one who deserves something better at my hands than the simple statement that I had the honour of his acquaintance.

CHAPTER IX.

The 'last infirmity.'—Cetshwayo.—A daring deed, and a crafty.

WHETHER the 'spur of Fame'—to quote Milton's words—has or has not been productive in the world of more good than evil, is a question that can never be rightly solved. The desire to be 'famous' is so near akin to a vulgar love of notoriety, and the ambition felt by the countless many to 'make the age to come their own' has given rise to so vast a number of evil deeds, that the fact has become patent that 'not to noble minds' alone is the 'infirmity' alluded to by the poet strictly confined.

'What rage for fame attends both great and small !
Better be d—d than mentioned not at all.'

So wrote the outspoken satirist of the last

century, moved probably thereto by the commission of one or more of those silly, and too often guilty acts which an inordinate craving after any species of distinction is wont to suggest. Seeing, then—a truth which cannot, I think, be denied—that the vain and foolish—the ‘small,’ that is to say, who crave for ‘mention’ by their fellow-men—are incalculably in excess of those whose ‘noble minds lead them to tread the higher paths that lead to fame,’ can we feel surprise at the ignoble fashion in which the majority of fame-seeking mortals set about the attainment of their ends—*id est*, the gaining for themselves of immortality?

On the other hand, it is perhaps well that vanity and self-love *should* enter largely into the ‘insatiate longing of human nature to be famous.’ The aspiration to be appreciated, and the emulation to excel, being products of a man’s *amour propre*, doubtless cause him, in many instances, to bestow a far larger amount of care and pains upon the works on the success of which his hopes of future fame are built, than would have

been the case if self-love had not been the spur that 'pricked the sides of his intent.' Taking the question, therefore, in the aggregate, we must, I suppose, arrive at the conclusion that the desire for fame is a weakness that is not without its uses. There are cases, doubtless, when it assumes forms which are to the last degree objectionable, and when the longing for 'mention' proceeds from motives so infinitesimally 'small,' that I, for one, feel inclined to disparage the 'infirmity' as a thing of less than no account. It is, however, an easy thing to misconstrue motives, and until we can look into the human heart, we should do well to abstain from criticising its weakness.

Let me quote, in illustration of my meaning, the case of that prince of 'cads' (if I may be permitted the use of so ugly a word), 'Beau Brummel.' The outlines of the man's history are probably well known to many of my readers—some of whom may also be aware of the fact that although his fame—which, *in its way*, was considerable—owed its existence solely to impu-

dence, 'flunkeyism,' and a slight admixture of *tact*, his biography has been considered of sufficient importance to fill with its details

'A certain portion of uncertain paper.'

And this, chiefly, for the reason that during the earlier portion of his career this very underbred specimen of the wealthy middle classes was the chosen friend and associate of the Prince of Wales! Albeit, not the rose, he had lived within perfume-breathing distance of that sweet and dainty flower, and thus it fell about that 'the scent of the roses' hung still around the 'ruined' and discarded favourite, and lent to the story of his life an interest which, under other circumstances, it would have entirely lacked.

It has been said—or rather written—by one of our profoundest analysts of human character, that if 'flunkeyism' were banished from the rest of the world, it would be found in the house-keeper's room of either a *puissant* nobleman, or in that of a wealthy country squire of high degree; and it is a melancholy fact that every

day's experience tends to the endorsement of the allegation. To have been the scullery drudge of a Marquis is regarded by a servant-girl as a feather for life in her cap, whilst to have been second, or even third, housemaid in the establishment of his Grace, 'the Duke,' is a distinction of which the fortunate 'spider-brusher' is no less proud than are the highly privileged maidens who 'wait' in the courts of kings.

Apropos of kings' palaces, and of the maids who attend therein, I am reminded of an occurrence somewhat germane to the matter, which took place several years ago on an occasion when I was seeking, in the city of Brussels, for a 'clean and competent' housemaid. To the damsels who presented themselves for hire, I, of course, put the stereotyped questions. One of the applicants, a stout, squarely-built young person, who in 'County May-o' would have earned the appellation of a 'foine stoomp of a colleen,' was new to domestic service, a circumstance which caused me to make inquiries as to the 'calling' of her father. The answer came glibly enough.

'*Il a une place à la cour, madame,*' the girl (who seemed rather proud of the fact that her parent—an invalided soldier—had not to work hard for his living) quickly replied.

The answer gave me food for thought, and my curiosity being excited, I ventured to inquire the nature of the office which the *brave Belge* was, *auprès de S.M. le Roi*, entrusted with.

'*Madame,*' was the simply uttered response, '*il ramasse les feuilles.*'

Victorine, whom we eventually took into our service, proved, notwithstanding the regal associations which on a mind less evenly balanced might have produced a deteriorating effect, a very useful and efficient servant;—that she ever entirely lost sight of the *prestige*—which, in virtue of her father's appointment, she believed to be hers—I cannot take upon me to affirm.

In my humble opinion, one of the most unworthy forms which the desire for fame can assume, is when it prompts either a man or woman to aspire after that species of social superiority which can too often only be attained by

unworthy means. To be an autocrat of fashion many qualities are required which are frequently utterly at variance with Christian charity, good taste, and kindliness of feeling. According to old Chaucer, who must, methinks, have been 'every inch a gentleman,'

'He' (or she) 'is gentil who doth gentil deeds,'

and those are not *gentil* who are ever ready—for their own fancied importance's sake—to inflict pain and mortification on their fellow-beings.

Said an old acquaintance to me one day (he was speaking of a brother who had passed a tolerably long life in 'climbing the steep path' that leads to social fame and power) :

'A. thinks nothing of cutting me dead in the Park, if he happens to be with any of his "fine" friends. Even if he had dined with me the day before, or I with him, it makes no difference. He passes me by as though he had never before seen or heard of me.'

The late Lord Lytton, writing of the human heart, causes one of his imaginary characters to

designate that portion of our animal economy as 'a thing the housemaid has, and breaks for John the footman.' Unfortunately, it is not *only* housemaids who have hearts to feel, and sensibilities which it is easy to wound, and the insolence of the fashionable autocrat rarely fails—seeing that flesh is weak—to inflict fully as much pain as the tyrant intended should be undergone. '*De l'audace—de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace,*' is a maxim which has, I doubt not, spurred many a man onward to success; but there be, nevertheless, some—those, I would say, who are of opinion that to 'deserve success' is better than to 'command' it—who would adopt a different creed, and have recourse to nobler, if to slower, means for the attainment of their objects. *Labor omnia vincet improbus.*

From all that has been said and written on the subject, the inference may, I think, be fairly drawn that the craving after posthumous fame is not only more excellent in itself than is a longing for *present* distinction, but that posterity runs a better chance of being benefited by the first

quality than by the last. Personal ambition, whether or not we regard it in the light of an 'infirmity,' is clearly one of the results of civilization, for who can for a moment imagine that the heroism of the noble Zulu savages, when, naked, and unarmed save with their assegais, they approached the very muzzles of the 'avenging' Gatling guns, had its source in aught save love, pure and unalloyed, for King and country?

It is because of the high qualities of which that king has given proof—because of his moderation in war, and his dignified patience in captivity, that I feel proud to record Cetshwayo's name amongst those of the famous men with whom I have been personally acquainted. During the visit which, when he was in London, I obtained permission to pay him, I was extremely struck by the absence of all vulgar love of notoriety, or, in other words, of 'being made a show of,' that was evidenced by his extreme dislike to being the *point de mire* of inquisitive and ill-bred crowds. In his goings out and comings in, he was pestered by hundreds

of the 'great unwashed,' who, in their eagerness to obtain a glimpse of the man who had, but a short while before, been execrated by them as a monster, ranged themselves in serried masses in front of his temporary home, and kept him there virtually a prisoner. Cetshwayo's remark on the behaviour of the mob, and on the apparent inability of the police to disperse the people, amused me not a little.

'In my own country I would soon force them to move off,' he said; and I doubt not that the big black despot would have been fully equal to the occasion.

Complaints, emanating, one is led to believe, from 'personages of exalted rank,' are not unfrequently made in regard to the annoyance which, through the ill-bred curiosity of the *oi polloi*, is often inflicted upon Royalty. Now few things are more irritating to the nerves than the being persistently stared at, and it is easy, as we all know, to have 'too much of a good thing;' nevertheless, I am of opinion that, if *no* wondering and admiring concourse met the eyes (on their

appearance in public), of the said 'exalted personages,' the change would hardly by them be considered a satisfactory one; but in the case of the Zulu king, his dislike to being stared at was thoroughly genuine. It is possible, seeing that he is, though not a man of education, one of thought and feeling, that, whilst the idle ragamuffins of London were, metaphorically speaking, 'flattening their noses' against the window panes of Melbury Lodge, the dreams of the sable monarch were carrying him to the fertile plains of his own fair land, where

'Once more a king he strode,
And heard the distant caravans
Descend the mountain road.'

Be this, however, as it may, we may still feel tolerably sure that, whether in his sleeping or his waking moments, the Zulu despot had never been accustomed (entirely devoted to his cause as his subjects have shown themselves to be) to the adulation, whether individually or collectively, of the ignorant and the servile. A simple-minded savage truly is Cetshwayo, and wonderfully likely,

wise and far-seeing albeit he is, to be deceived and circumvented. Since his return to Africa, the belief has become prevalent that the two Englishmen who lived with him as friends and intimates in his West Kensington home, were, 'under the rose,' agents of the Colonial party that was actively opposed to the king's restoration, and it was after listening to that statement, that I recalled to mind the circumstance that the only remark of mine which the interpreter declined to translate to Cetshwayo was to the effect that I hoped soon to hear the good news that John Dunn, the Ungrateful, had been ejected root and branch from Zululand.

'We may hope so, too,' said, in English, the blandly - speaking interpreter; 'but it would not do for us to make the same remark to the king.'

At the time, this Jesuitical reply failed to attract my notice, but, as I have just said, recent intelligence from the ex-prisoner's divided kingdom has given to the words a significance which they lacked before, and has added yet

another item to the long list of 'treacherous acts which this poor, but loyal-hearted black king has been fated, at the hand of so-called Christians, to undergo.

The subject of physical courage, joined to a total disregard (by whatsoever caused, matters little) of public opinion, recalls to my mind two anecdotes, the chief actors in which were men who, were it only for the reason that they formed, both bodily and mentally, curiously strange contrasts to each other, it is interesting to place in juxtaposition. The name of the one to whom, on all accounts I give the first and highest place, shall—seeing that for many a long year he has been 'sleeping the sleep that knows no breaking,' be written in full as that of 'George Rose'; and certain am I that, if only *one* of the countless friends who were *his* in life, survive, as I do, unto this day, the exceptional unit will be ready to endorse all which, in memory of his dead, but not forgotten friend, I have written.

Nature had bestowed upon the elder son of

the Right Honourable Sir George Rose (a Statesman on whose distinguished services it is not necessary here to enlarge), many of those gracious gifts, which conduce to the achievement by their possessor of 'greatness.' He possessed talents of a high order, and powers of fascination which rendered him perfectly independent of the boon of personal beauty, the which often dangerous quality had unquestionably not been bestowed upon the brilliant and seductive Hussar. A first-rate cavalry officer was he—an admirable linguist, and in appearance a soldier and a gentleman *jusqu' aux bouts des doigts*, and having said thus much of one, who, but for his own faulty imprudence, his own neglect of his manifold advantages might have attained the highest rank in his noble profession, ought I to apologize to his brother, Field Marshal Lord Strathnairn, in that I have paid this tribute to the memory of the regretted dead? Many a long year ago, in the days when the old 'Toy' still loomed, ugly, and shabby of aspect, by the river side, and when

'Grantley Berkeley,' one of the best dancers of his day, 'trod' (equipped in primrose-coloured cashmere 'shorts') many a 'measure' on the notoriously insecure first-floor of the old hotel, I had the pleasure (I was a young girl then, and it was almost my first ball) of dancing a quadrille with one who was destined to be the hero of a hundred fights. The Field Marshal has doubtless long ago forgotten an episode in his active life, so trivial as a Hampton Court ball ; but I—whilst following, in imagination, the brilliant career of George Rose's brother—have cherished, with a woman's instinctive leaning towards hero worship, the memory of that by-gone dance.

My acquaintance with Captain Rose began when a troop of his regiment—the 15th Hussars—was quartered at Hampton Court. During a portion of that time he was in Parliament, a circumstance which was more fortunate for himself than for not a few who had claims on his not too well garnished purse. Immunity from arrest for debt was amongst the privileges which

he enjoyed, and he did so with such invariable lightness of heart, and after a fashion so full of urbanity, that even his creditors—at least so it was reported—began, sometimes, to see the matter in a cheerful light. This happy state of things was not, however, destined to last. Captain Rose's career as an M.P. came suddenly to an end, and then the chances were only too evident that some hard-hearted 'money-grabber' might perhaps unkindly take advantage of 'the Captain's' change of circumstances, and put in his claim for payment.

It was on a bitterly cold afternoon in January that the deed of *dering do* which I am about to narrate, took place. Snow had fallen on the previous day, and the ice on the round pond (known as 'Diana Water') in Bushey Park, was pronounced to be nearly thick enough for skating. Captain Rose, who had been enjoying in the Royal gardens a *tête-à-tête* with a young lady, and who, little expecting what was about to occur, had emerged with his companion from under the archway into the barrack-yard, was—

as he walked along the river's brink—suddenly, yet politely, accosted by a man whom he recognised at once as a 'sheriff's officer.' The intruder was not alone, but his *alter ego*, the one who did *not* present the warrant (which Captain Rose, after glancing at its contents, informed the young lady was a petition), held himself slightly aloof. A few whispered words from the gay Hussar, who chanced to be in undress uniform, to the official who was charged with his arrest, were sufficient to induce that unsuspecting functionary to leave—till such time as he should have reached the barrack-gate—their quarry free from even the appearance of molestation.

The Captain was safe, the men doubtless thought; and *this* time—with the river on one side, and their two selves at the gate—he could not escape them; but they calculated their chances wrongly, omitting as they did so, to take into account the dare-devil courage of the man whom they already regarded as their prisoner.

vly they bent their steps—expecting doubt-

less a liberal guerdon for their civility—towards the barrack-gate, but they had not progressed a dozen yards before a cry—not loud, but suggestive—caused them to turn their heads in the direction of the grey and swiftly-flowing river, when, to their dismay, they perceived that the place by the young lady's side was empty!

In hot pursuit, the bailiffs hurried to the waterside, where their zeal was rewarded by the sight of a dark figure breasting the chilly waters bravely, and making good way, although heavily handicapped with boots and thickly-braided coat, to the Surrey side of the stream. The writ was for Middlesex, and before a fresh one could be procured, the delinquent was safe from pursuit!

Is it necessary to add, and ought I to express regret at the fact, that our sympathies, to a woman, were *with* the wrongdoer, and *against* the cause of 'law and order'? My only excuse for such culpable weakness lies in the fact that we were young and foolish, and also in the truth, that reckless daring will always possess, both

for men and women, an amount of attraction that is often wholly disproportioned to the intrinsic value (judged by the strict laws of rectitude) of the deed of bravery that has been done.

In the second case, which, as I before said, bears a certain amount of resemblance to the first, physical courage had nothing whatever to do, and it is for that reason, probably, that the chief actor in the little drama, which I am about to relate, inspired me with no feeling, either of sympathy, or personal interest. The said chief actor was no other than the stepson of the first Lord Brougham, and an officer, in the days of his prime, in the Household Cavalry. 'Jack Spalding,' the 'handsome Jack' of his regiment, was, in truth, as well-favoured an individual as could be found in the British army, and if—as was indeed the case—his intellectual faculties were not of so high an order as his physical endowments, I think that after reading the following instance of his *savoir faire*, it will, at least, be admitted that he was not, especially in seasons of emergency, utterly deficient in 'mother wit.'

Necessity has been called, and that with some justice, the parent of invention, and under its stimulating spur, unsuspected qualities have been developed, and talents, long hidden under a napkin, have been brought to light, and thus it chanced—as the reader will shortly see—with handsome, but sadly impecunious ‘Jack.’

The first winter which it was my lot to pass in Brussels, was diversified, at least—if not actually enlivened—by the sojourn in that gay little city—of Mr. Spalding. At that time, his finances were far from being in a flourishing condition, and as it was not his habit to ‘pay on delivery’ for goods received, it followed after awhile, that the Brussels tradesmen grew impatient, and had recourse to aggressive measures for the recovery of their property. ‘Handsome Jack’s’ stay in the Belgian capital was being rendered, in consequence of the near approach of a painful climax in his affairs, anything but agreeable, when the ‘great Lord Brougham,’ the friend of the Belgian King, and in himself a tower of strength, announced his intention of spending a few days in

Brussels. Quickly following on this premonition came his lordship in person, for whose accommodation apartments at the Hôtel Belle Vue had been previously engaged, whilst hardly was the world-known lawyer settled in his apartments, when an invitation for Lord Brougham and 'Monsieur Spalding' to dine with Leopold I. was duly delivered and accepted.

Now, in what way it fell about that at the precise moment when the invited guests were descending, in dinner costume, the hotel stairs, a *Huissier*, clad in official garb, stepped forward, and in the name of *La Loi* took possession of 'handsome Jack,' I am not prepared to say.

Lord Brougham was, as will readily be believed, furious at the 'trick' (as he in his anger called the occurrence), which had been played him; but seeing that his lordship possessed some regard for the decent appearances of life, he shrank from the disgrace which his stepson's arrest at such a time would entail upon him, and he, therefore, then and there, took the spendthrift's liabilities upon himself.

Jack Spalding's personal charms happened, fortunately for their possessor, to be of the kind which 'wear well,' and he enjoyed, moreover, the privilege of a *rakish* air, which he contrived to turn to good account. As my brother was once heard to say of him, Jack Spalding, at the age of fifty, when the 'season' was at its height, and grey hats and blue neckties were in vogue, managed, with his *beaver* on one side, and a glass stuck in his eye, to cut, in the Burlington Arcade, an effective figure still.

CHAPTER X.

The Wisest Man.—J. L. B.—Apologia.

IF we may believe the testimony of Josephus, whose veracity as a Jewish Historian has, I believe, never been called in question, King Solomon, who had been—as we are all aware—endowed with a ‘sound mind and a good understanding,’ had reached the ripe age of fifty, when he ‘fell headlong into unreasonable pleasures, and regarded not the admonitions of the law.’ ‘For,’ continues the Historian, ‘when he had married seven hundred wives, the daughters of Princes and of eminent persons, and three hundred concubines—and these, besides the King of Egypt’s daughters—he soon was governed by them. till he came to imitate their practices. He

was forced to give them this evidence of his kindness and affection to them. And as he grew into years, and his reason became weakened by length of time, he began, for the gratification of his wives, to worship their gods.'

Now, it is fair to conclude—indeed, the idea has been suggested by a foot-note in Professor Whiston's translation of Josephus, that those very 1,000 women were alluded to elsewhere by Solomon himself, when he speaks of not having found one 'good' woman among that very number. King Solomon must, I think, have already become weakened in mind, or it would have occurred to him that the gratification of even three hundred wives (seeing that probably they did not all worship the same gods, or indulge in the same tastes and habits) would be a difficult matter. That even one woman in a thousand should, under these circumstances, have been 'good' (that is to say, pleasant to live with) is, I am inclined to think, pretty nearly as much as any husband could reasonably have expected.

Whether King Solomon's bitter and frequent diatribes against 'fools and their folly,' were, or were not, the results of, and penned subsequently to his own 'headlong fall,' must always be matter for conjecture. One inference, however, is clearly (after a careful perusal of his wonderful sayings on the subject) to be drawn, namely that in the opinion of the wisest of men, that being 'full of words' is an evidence of folly. 'The fool uttereth all his mind,' he writes, 'and when he walks by the way, saith to everyone he is a fool.' I could quote *ad infinitum*, from Solomon's brilliant and marvellously acute writings, sentences which are corroborative of his belief, that 'the end of a fool's talk' (*vid. Ecclesiastes*, 10th chapter, and 13th verse) 'is mischievous madness,' but I have, methinks said enough to prove the truth of my assertion that, especially in the East, where 'silence' is esteemed as 'golden,' the human tongue was, by the Jewish King, considered to wag too freely.

And yet if it did not so wag, if only the 'little members' appertaining to the wise (who, com-

paratively speaking, talk but little), were permitted to lift up their voices amongst us, what a dull world, instead of a 'mad' one, ours would be!

One of the uses of a fool is to be the cause of wit in others, but, seeing that in the year B.C. 950 the type of man in question was little likely to be, after that fashion, turned to account, it remained for after-generations to discover that even for fools there is work in the world to do. As regards my own opinion, and although I have in my time suffered as much as have my neighbours from the tedium of a 'bore,' I honestly confess that I prefer the chatter of a light-minded nonentity to the heavy silence of a thoroughly well-informed man. There are times and seasons indeed, when, to quote the words of St. Paul, one 'suffers fools gladly.'

One inference that may be drawn from the taciturnity of a guest is, that the man is silent because forsooth he has nothing to say; he may also be possibly of a cautious disposition, and not oblivious of the fact that to follow the

‘buttoning up’ system is to err on the safe side. ‘Wear a black coat and hold your tongue,’ was the advice which the late Lord Lytton put into the mouth of one of his characters, the applicant for friendly counsel being a *ci-devant* groom, who had married his rich master’s widow, and was desirous of learning how best in society to ‘quit’ himself like a gentleman.

This short dissertation on the comparative merits of taciturnity and its converse, is due to the circumstance that the ‘fame’ (if such it may be called) of a large proportion of my ‘characters’ rests upon their capacities for ‘table talking,’ and also to my conviction that the strong prejudice entertained by the wise men of the East, against garrulity and those who are given to overmuch *prating*, may be, in part, due to the absence in Mahometan countries, of convivial gatherings. Even, were it possible for a party of—say Turkish gentlemen—to be collected round a well-spread board, to ‘set that table in a roar,’ would be a task far beyond the powers of mortal man to perform.

The Chinese, who (probably by reason of their uncommunicative ways) have gained the reputation of a 'thinking people,' are wont to be very severe on the 'bubbling' 'barbarians,' as they term the talking Englishmen who happen to cross their paths. 'You friend number one foolo' was the remark once made by a high-class Chinese functionary to Admiral, then Captain Charles Elliot, whose companion, a young British naval officer, had, in the opinion of the Pekin Premier, made a too free use of his tongue. It is more than probable that the objurgation was half deserved, for how few there be who give utterance to anything worth the saying, and how still fewer in number are those who are capable—after the fashion I am about to narrate—of, as it were, eclipsing themselves, and giving the credit of their success in life, to those to whom that credit is really due.

It chanced (the occurrence took place many years ago, but the trifling details connected with it are as distinct to me, and clear as though it had

happened yesterday) that *one* who had climbed to the highest rung upon the social ladder, and who consequently took rank amongst the autocrats of fashion, did, in a rare moment of confidential expansion, dilate to me, as we two sat in the gloaming over a comfortable London coal fire, on the causes which had led to his social success, or, in other words, to his obtaining a position in the 'world,' which other and better men—men who possessed, as he did not, the advantages of rank and money—have toiled after in vain.

'I am neither witty nor well educated,' was the frank avowal of my friend of former days; 'but I had the good fortune to live on terms of habitual intimacy with brilliant and intellectual people;' (and here he mentioned the names of some of those by whose unconscious aid he was 'thrust' into the ranks of the 'bright spirits,' whom we all love to meet). Amongst them, there had been, as well I knew, Lords Brougham and Wellesley, Lady Blessington, Count d'Orsay, with a host (my dear brother included) of 'the better

brothers,' so that, as my interlocutor sensibly remarked, he naturally 'caught their jargon,' and gained credit for qualities which he was not so fortunate as to possess.

Some of the gifts which are needed in order to produce that *rara avis*, a perfect 'table talker,' are of much the same quality, and are nearly as rare to find united, as are those which we seek for in a friend. Quickness of wit, readiness at repartee, retentiveness of memory, and even the talent of telling a good story well, are not in themselves sufficient for the end required. Such *specialités* as these may be, by pains and cultivation, improved, at least, if not indeed acquired, whereas, the gifts of mental sunshine, of a kindly genial temperament, and of a sympathising heart, are part of a man's individual idiosyncrasy, and are God-bestowed at his birth.

I never met but one fellow-wanderer in a world where there is so much that is hard and dull and selfish, who united in his own, all the requisites for what is considered a perfect dinner-guest, which I, in the last few lines have

chronicled ; and when to the list I add the negative qualities of an entire absence of egotism, and of the ambition *de le faire valoir*, methinks (taking into account the infrequency of such a combination) that not a few of the many kindred spirits to whom the initials J. L. B. are wont to bring back pleasant memories of days gone by, but will (if haply they read these lines) say to their own hearts, ‘ *He* is the man !’

The reasons for his popularity are not far to seek, and first and foremost I may mention the fact that, keen as is his sense of the absurd, and conversant as, from his youth, he has been with the *dessous des cartes* which players in the great game of human life are for ever shuffling in their hands, he has never been known either to wound by his witty ridicule the self-love of a fellow-mortal, or to utter a word that could bring discredit on any soul that breathed. A truer friend, a more chivalrous woman-worshipper, and one more prompt to render help in time of need than J. L. B. never walked the earth. He had sympathy, heartfelt and unfailing, for the sorrowful,

and advice, which was often worth its weight in gold, for those who came to him for counsel.

But, as I need not say, *humanum est errare*, and very certainly the subject of all this well-merited eulogium is as far as any of we poor mortals can be, from being ‘the faultless monster that the world ne’er saw,’ and the pity of it is, that for one for whom Nature had done so much, *he* had himself effected so little. A great writer of our time has called these four words, ‘What might have been!’ the saddest that can be strung together, and of all wasted things, talents thrown away and misapplied are amongst the saddest on which the mind can dwell. Of the most popular man of his time, it may be said, as did the historian Livy of the elder Cato, ‘*Huic versatile ingenium sic paritur ad omnia fecit, ut natum ad id unum diceret quodcunque ageret.*’ But, alas! all these precious gifts were bestowed upon this man of many friends in vain!

And now my self-imposed task is all but over, and in a few short hours these recorded Memories,

penned whilst the shadows of the long-since-dead were thronging near me, will no longer cumber the board, round which the silent guests had gathered:

‘Spirits of women and men, spirits of friends departed,
Spirits of dear companions that have gone to the levelling
tomb,’—

Spirits of closest kindred, the voices of the loved and lost, urged me to recall some echo, however lowly breathed and faint, of their not ‘all-perished’ fame. To the best of my powers, I have obeyed the call, showing, I trust, ‘no respect of persons’; but, whilst ‘nothing extenuating, and setting down nought in malice,’ I cannot deny the truth that not a few of the ‘famous’ ones whose names are chronicled in these pages are amongst the number of those who have not only neglected, but have misused the talents which God had given them to improve, and this being so, it will perchance be said that I have devoted too much of my space to men

who, in their generation, have possibly done more harm than good. To this hypothetical criticism, I can only reply that, happily for us all, the God who made us what we are, judgeth not as man judgeth. He who 'searcheth the heart' knoweth the force of the temptations against which a weak and sinful mortal has to do battle, and He will not, let us humbly trust, be so 'extreme' as are a man's fellow-men to 'mark what he has done amiss.'

In my own excuse, in that I have not deemed a deficiency in moral attributes an adequate reason for excluding my friends the Sinners from their rightful portion of my humble notice, I have only to say that often, when my lonely room has 'grown slowly dim,' and imagination peopled it with the spirits of those that had passed away, I felt too grateful for their mute companionship for any speculations regarding their respective faults and virtues to disturb my mind.

'Idle I was, and listless,' and, therefore, to obey the spirits' bidding gave me work to do,

the pleasantness of which was, however, largely mingled with its pain.

‘As a twig trembles which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So was my memory thrilled and stirred.
I only knew, they came and went.’

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